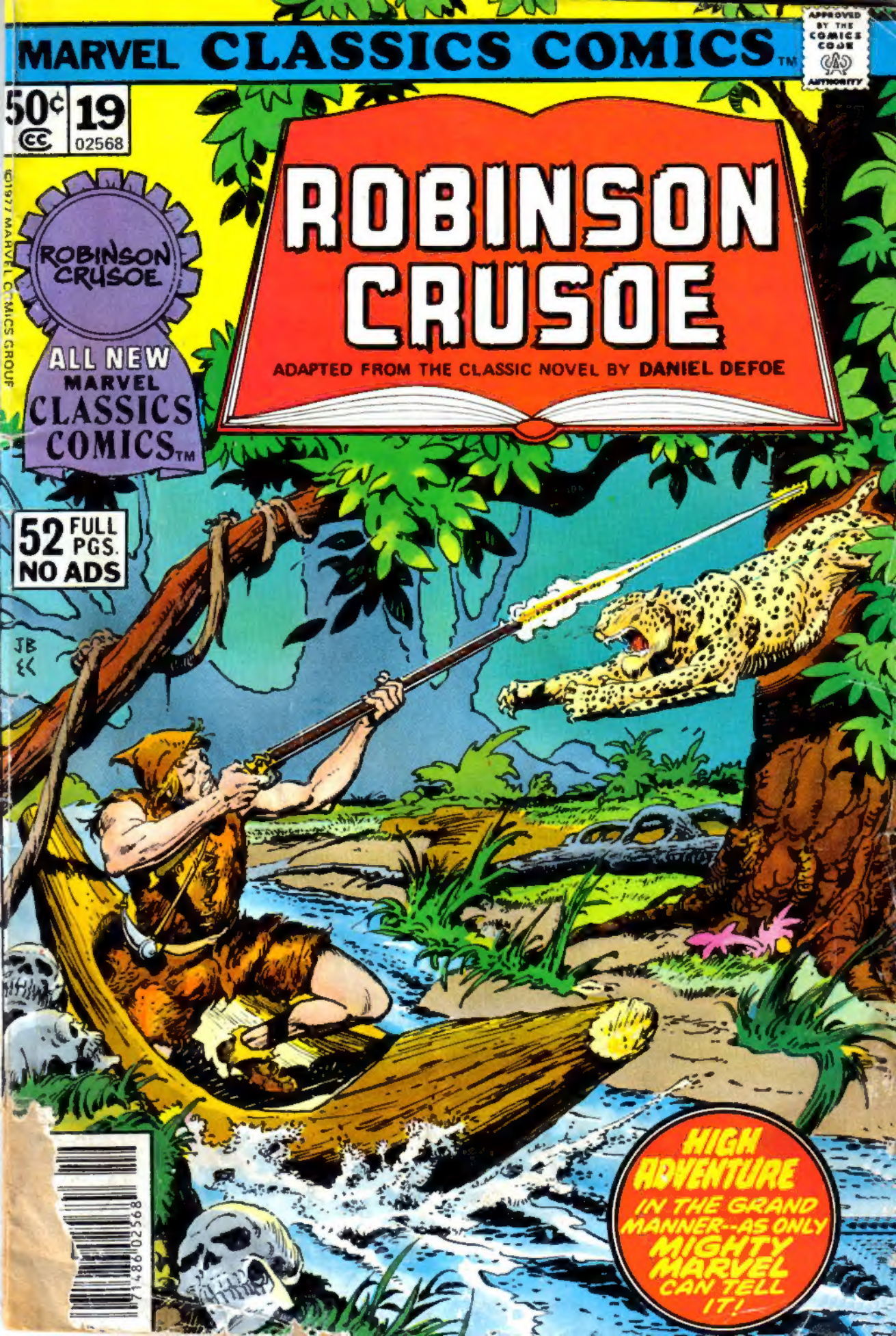
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ROBINSON CRUSOE
ALL NEW MARVEL CLASSICS COMICS™
52 FULL PGS. NO ADS
ROBINSON CRUSOE
ADAPTED FROM THE CLASSIC NOVEL BY DANIEL DEFOE
JB
HIGH ADVENTURE IN THE GRAND MANNER--AS ONLY MIGHTY MARVEL CAN TELL IT!

STAN LEE presents

ROBINSON CRUSOE

by Daniel DeFoe

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Daniel DeFoe, English author, was born in the parish of St. Giles, London, in 1660. His father James was a butcher and citizen of London. DeFoe was educated at what was termed the "dissenting academy," Charles Morton's of Stoke Newington. Upon graduation he entered the hosiery business and met and married Mary Tuffley, with whom he had seven children. DeFoe was not destined to remain a businessman for long, as in 1685 he joined Monmouth's rebellion. After this, he served as a commission merchant in Spanish goods and later after managing several tile mills, he was appointed accountant to the commissioners of the glass duty, an office he held for four years. During this period he produced *An Essay Upon Projects* (1698) which was a highly advanced treatise dealing with the management of banks, transportation systems, and insurance companies. Upon completion of this, DeFoe began writing political pamphlets some of which in the years to come were to precipitate his placement in jail at various times. Although he often spoke out against the ruling authority of his day, he didn't hesitate to break with his own political group, the Dissenters, in his espousal of occasional adherance to authority. Among his more important tracts were, *An Argument for a Standing Army*, *Legion Memorial*, and *The Two Great Questions Considered*. Between 1715 and 1728, DeFoe had issued an enormous number of pamphlets and other minor works. In 1724, he built himself a large house at Stoke Newington and he died in Ropemaker's Alley, Moorfields, April 26, 1731.

Despite the great volume of material Daniel DeFoe turned out during his lifetime, none have had the enduring fame or universal acceptance of his masterpiece, *Robinson Crusoe*, published in 1719. Into this tale, DeFoe poured all his considerable literary skill and virtuosity. The characters of Crusoe and Friday have become charmingly real to their vast readership throughout the years since *Crusoe* was published. The narrative is always crisp and refreshing, even during the longer descriptive passages. Perhaps the most important distinction of this work is its general acceptance as the first modern English novel, due to its continuous narration, dealing with fictitious characters and events.

Although not so well known as *Robinson Crusoe*, DeFoe's later works also provide the reader with absorbing discourse. Among the better known works are *Memoirs of a Cavalier* and *Captain Singleton*.

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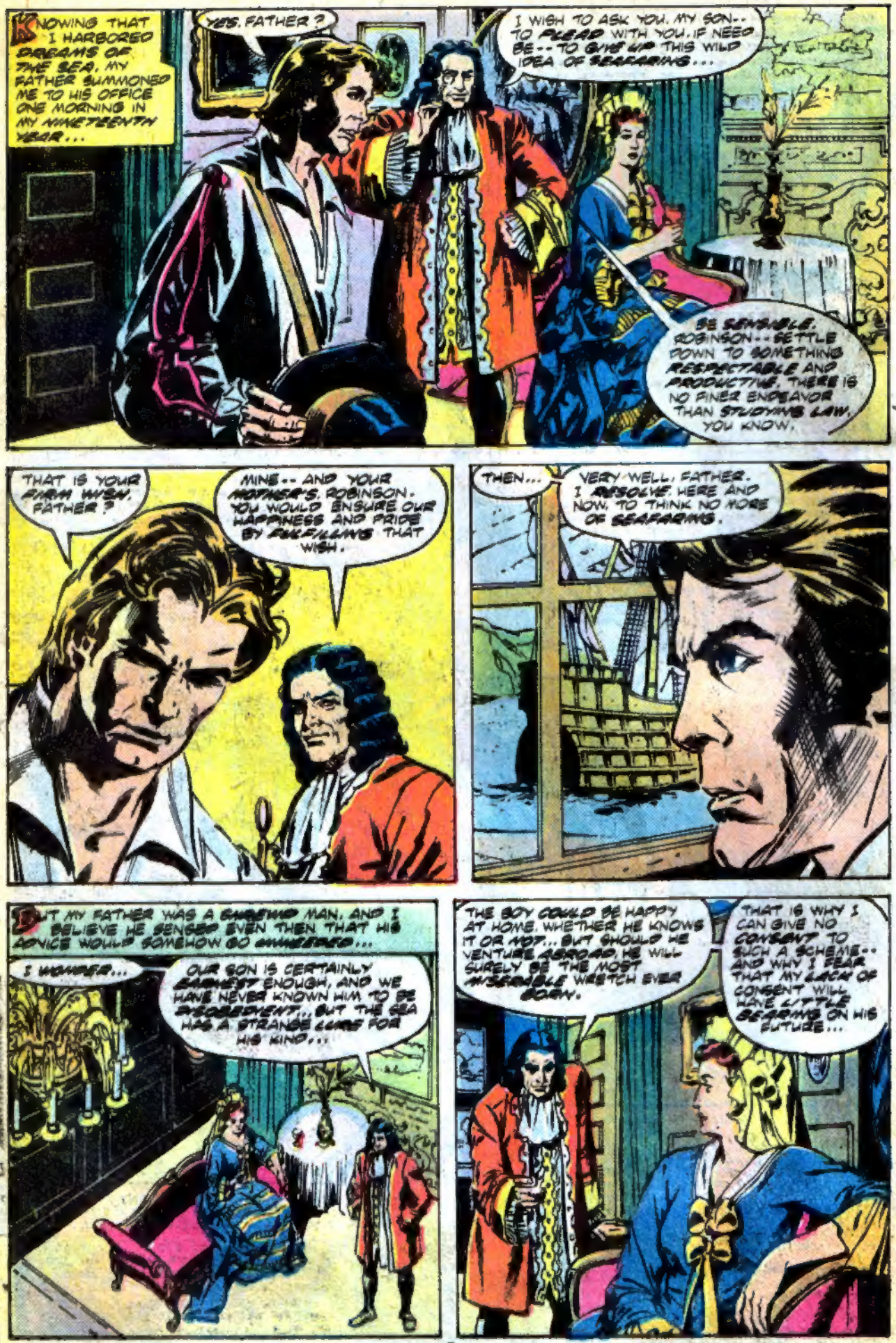
THE LIFE AND STRANGE SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE

I WAS BORN IN THE YEAR 1632, IN THE CITY OF YORK, ENGLAND, THE SON OF A PROSPEROUS MERCHANT. I GREW UP IN A TIME WHEN THE BOLD, RESTLESS SEAMEN OF ENGLAND WERE EXPLORING, PLUNDERING AND COLONIZING EVERY CORNER OF THE WORLD...
...BUT I NEVER KNEW, ANY MORE THAN DID MY FATHER OR MOTHER, WHAT WAS TO BECOME OF ME...


KNOWING THAT I HARBORED DREAMS OF THE SEA, MY FATHER SUMMONED ME TO HIS OFFICE ONE MORNING IN MY NINETEENTH YEAR...
YES, FATHER?
I WISH TO ASK YOU, MY SON-- TO PLEAD WITH YOU, IF NEED BE-- TO GIVE UP THIS WILD IDEA OF SEAFARING...
BE SENSIBLE, ROBINSON-- SETTLE DOWN TO SOMETHING RESPECTABLE AND PRODUCTIVE. THERE IS NO FINER ENDEAVOR THAN STUDYING LAW, YOU KNOW.
THAT IS YOUR FIRM WISH, FATHER?
MINE-- AND YOUR MOTHER'S, ROBINSON. YOU WOULD ENSURE OUR HAPPINESS AND PRIDE BY FULFILLING THAT WISH.
THEN...
VERY WELL, FATHER. I RESOLVE, HERE AND NOW, TO THINK NO MORE OF SEAFARING.
BUT MY FATHER WAS A SENSIBLE MAN, AND I BELIEVE HE SENSED EVEN THEN THAT HIS ADVICE WOULD SOMEHOW GO UNHEEDED...
I WONDER...
OUR SON IS CERTAINLY EARNEST ENOUGH, AND WE HAVE NEVER KNOWN HIM TO BE DISOBEDIENT... BUT THE SEA HAS A STRANGE LURE FOR HIS KIND...
THE BOY COULD BE HAPPY AT HOME, WHETHER HE KNOWS IT OR NOT... BUT SHOULD HE VENTURE ABROAD, HE WILL SURELY BE THE MOST MISERABLE WRETCH EVER BORN.
THAT IS WHY I CAN GIVE NO CONSENT TO SUCH A SCHEME-- AND WHY I FEAR THAT MY LACK OF CONSENT WILL HAVE LITTLE BEARING ON HIS FUTURE...

WITHIN THE YEAR, MY FATHER'S FEARS WERE PROVEN JUSTIFIED. MY RESOLUTION NEARLY FORGOTTEN, I HAD MADE UP MY MIND TO RUN AWAY TO SEA... AND ON SEPTEMBER 1, 1651, IN THE PORT OF HULL ON A CASUAL VISIT, I TOOK THE FATAL STEP...
CRUSOE--! OVER HERE!

A FRIEND OF MINE WAS SAILING TO LONDON, ON A SHIP WHICH HIS FATHER MASTERED..
WHY NOT COME ALONG WITH US, CRUSOE--?
IT WILL COST YOU NOTHING FOR YOUR PASSAGE--MY FATHER WILL SEE TO THAT...

THE TEMPTATION WAS TOO GREAT FOR ME TO RESIST--AND SO, WITHOUT ANY CONSIDERATION OF CIRCUMSTANCES OR CONSEQUENCES AND IN AN ILL HOUR, GOD KNOWS...

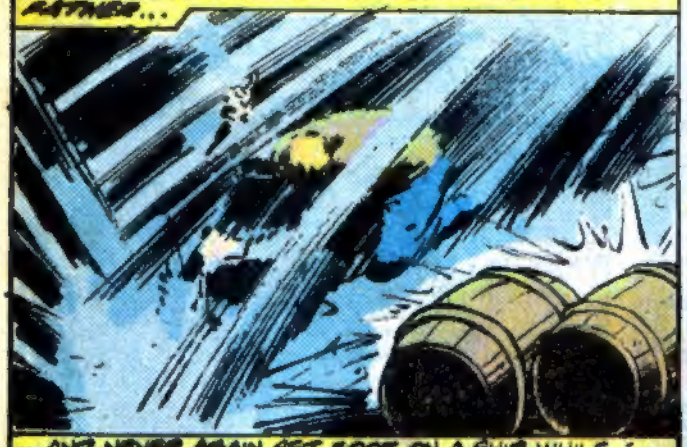
...I WENT ABOARD, NEVER GUESSING THAT A YOUNG ADVENTURER'S MISFORTUNES COULD BEGIN NO SOONER--OR CONTINUE ANY LONGER--THAN WOULD MINE.

FOR, NO SOONER HAD WE SET SAIL--

--THAN THE WIND BEGAN TO BLOW, AND THE WAVES TO RISE IN A MOST AWFUL MANNER.

AS I HAD NEVER BEFORE BEEN AT SEA, I WAS IMMEDIATELY SICK IN BODY AND TERRIFIED IN MIND...
I BEGAN NOW TO SERIOUSLY REFLECT UPON WHAT I HAD DONE, MY CONSCIENCE REPROACHING ME FOR ABANDONING MY PARENTS' ENTREATIES --I PONDERED HOW QUICKLY MY WICKED DEED HAD BEEN OVERTAKEN BY THE JUDGMENT OF HEAVEN...

While the storm MODERATED, and in this AGONY OF MIND, I MADE MANY VOWS AND RESOLUTIONS -- THAT IF GOD SPARED MY LIFE THIS ONE VOYAGE, I WOULD GO STRAIGHT HOME TO MY FATHER...



...AND NEVER AGAIN SET FOOT ON A SHIP WHILE I LIVED. THESE WISE AND SOBER THOUGHTS CONTINUED THROUGHOUT THE STORM'S DURATION --

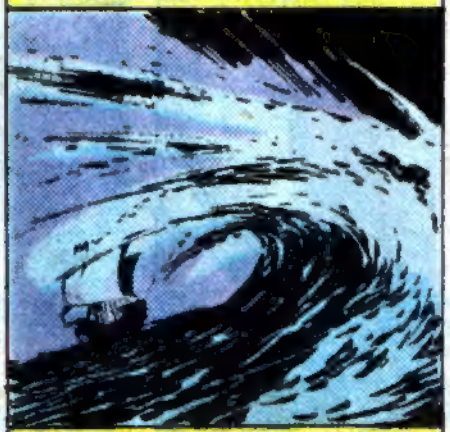
-- BUT BY NIGHT THE WEATHER CLEARED, AND MY SEASICKNESS BEGAN TO ABATE...

...AND IN THE MORNING THE SUN ROSE OVER A CALM AND SMOOTHLY SHINING SEA. THE SIGHT, I THOUGHT, WAS THE MOST DELIGHTFUL ONE I HAD EVER SEEN.

MORE CHEERFUL NOW, MY DESPERATE VOWS AND RESOLUTIONS OF THE PREVIOUS NIGHT SEEMED EXCEEDINGLY DISTANT...

OHO, FRIEND CRUSOE! YOU WERE FRIGHTENED NEARLY TO DEATH LAST NIGHT -- WHEN IT BLEW ONLY A CAP-FULL OF WIND!
A CAP-FULL?! I WAS DRENCHED BY EVERY DROP IN THE OCEAN! 'TWAS A TERRIBLE STORM!

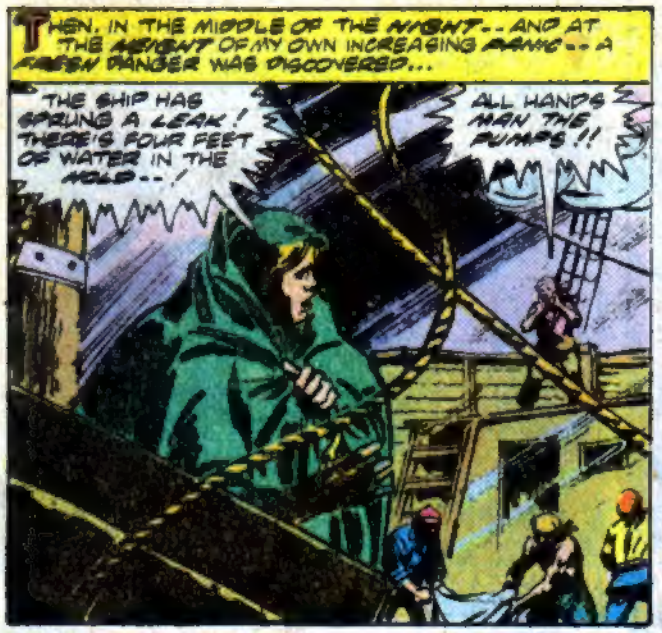
INDEED, A FEW DAYS LATER -- OFF MADAGASCAR -- A TREMENDOUS GALE BLEW UP, WITH THE SEA RISING TO THE HEIGHT OF MOUNTAINS, AND THREATENING TO SMASH OUR FRAGILE SHIP INTO FLOTSAM...



THE MATE AND THE BOATSWAIN BEGGED THE SHIP'S MASTER TO LET THEM CUT AWAY THE FOREMAST...

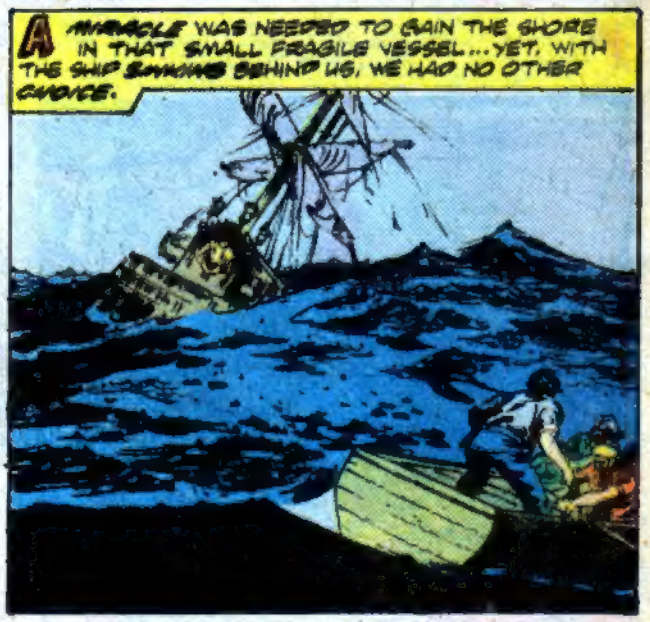
BUT WHEN THEY HAD DONE SO, THE MAINMAST STOOD SO LOOSE -- AND SHOOK THE SHIP SO MUCH -- THAT THEY WERE FORCED TO CUT IT AWAY ALSO, MAKING A CLEAR DECK.

TO MY HORROR, I NOTICED FEAR ON THE FACES OF EVEN THE MADDEST SEAMAN.

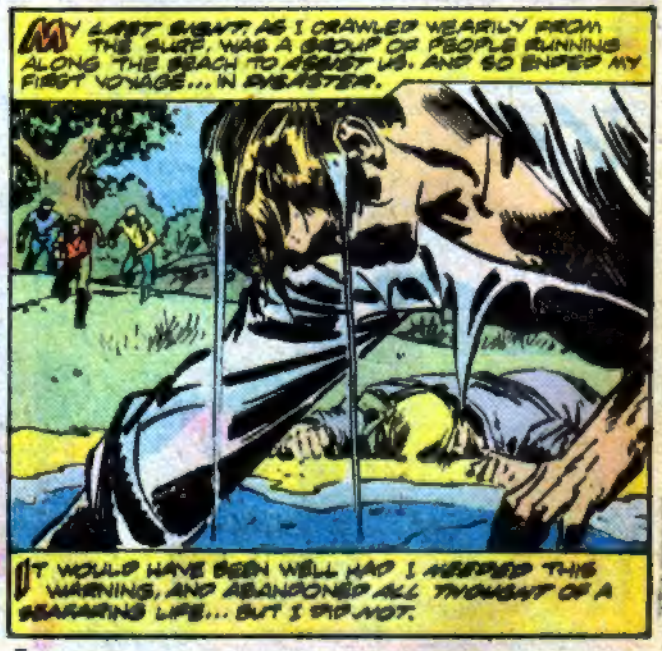

THEN, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT -- AND AT THE ADVENT OF MY OWN INCREASING PANIC -- A FRESH DANGER WAS DISCOVERED...
THE SHIP HAS SPRUNG A LEAK! THERE'S FOUR FEET OF WATER IN THE HOLD --!
ALL HANDS MAN THE PUMPS!!

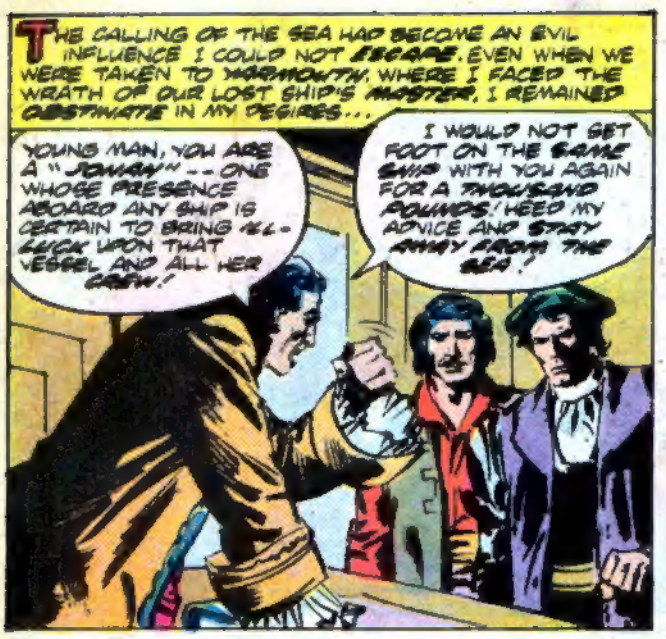
THOUGH I HAD STOOD HELPLESS UNTIL THEN, I NOW TOOK MY PLACE WITH THE OTHERS AT THE PUMPS. WE LABORED HEARTILY -- DESPERATELY -- AS THE SHIP REARED AND PLUNGED AMID THE WELTER OF THE SEAS...
BUT DESPITE OUR EFFORTS, THE WATER IN THE HOLD INCREASED, AND IT SOON BECAME CLEAR THAT THE SHIP WOULD FOUNDER...

A BOAT WAS PERILOUSLY LAUNCHED AND, BY MEANS OF ROPES, WE SWARMED DOWN TO IT FROM THE DOOMED SHIP...


A MIRACLE WAS NEEDED TO GAIN THE SHORE IN THAT SMALL FRAGILE VESSEL... YET, WITH THE SHIP SINKING BEHIND US, WE HAD NO OTHER CHOICE.

AT LAST CAME THE MOMENT WHEN THE BOAT WAS HURLED, HALF-SWAMPED, AMONG THE FOAMING SURF ASHORE.


MY LAST SIGHT, AS I CRAWLED WEARILY FROM THE SURF, WAS A GROUP OF PEOPLE RUNNING ALONG THE BEACH TO ASSIST US. AND SO ENDED MY FIRST VOYAGE... IN DISASTER.
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN WELL HAD I HEEDED THIS WARNING, AND ABANDONED ALL THOUGHT OF A SEAFARING LIFE... BUT I DID NOT.


THE CALLING OF THE SEA HAD BECOME AN EVIL INFLUENCE I COULD NOT ESCAPE. EVEN WHEN WE WERE TAKEN TO YARMOUTH, WHERE I FACED THE WRATH OF OUR LOST SHIP'S MASTER, I REMAINED OBSTINATE IN MY DESIRES...
YOUNG MAN, YOU ARE A "JONAH" -- ONE WHOSE PRESENCE ABOARD ANY SHIP IS CERTAIN TO BRING ILL-LUCK UPON THAT VESSEL AND ALL HER CREW!
I WOULD NOT SET FOOT ON THE SAME SHIP WITH YOU AGAIN FOR A THOUSAND POUNDS! HEED MY ADVICE AND STAY AWAY FROM THE SEA!

THE WORDS OF MY FRIEND'S FATHER STUNG ME AND, PERHAPS TO PROVE HIM WRONG, I MADE MY WAY TO THE GREAT PORT OF LONDON...
...WHERE I WAS BEFRIENDED BY A KINDLY OLD CAPTAIN WHO OFFERED TO TAKE ME ON HIS VOYAGE TO THE GUINEA COAST OF AFRICA.

FROM THE FIRST, ALL WENT WELL. THE CAPTAIN, REALIZING I WAS EAGER TO LEARN, TOOK GREAT PAINS TO TEACH ME THE COMPLICATED ART OF NAVIGATING A SHIP...
...AND TO UNDERSTAND THE MANY OTHER THINGS NECESSARY TO BECOME A GOOD SAILOR.

THE VOYAGE WAS HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL, GAINING ME SIX POUNDS OF GOLD DUST -- THE RESULT OF TRADING WITH THE NATIVES OF GUINEA.
THE GOLD WOULD BRING ME CLOSE TO THREE HUNDRED POUNDS UPON MY RETURN TO ENGLAND...

BUT BEFORE WE REACHED ENGLAND -- AND AS WE SAILED BETWEEN THE CANARY ISLANDS AND THE AFRICAN COAST -- A SEAMAN CAME RUNNING WITH AWFUL NEWS...
A MOORISH PIRATE SHIP, SIR!
SHE'S CLOSING IN FAST!!

HARRY! HOIST ALOFT AS MUCH CANVAS AS THE MASTS WILL CARRY!!
BUT EVEN WITH EVERY SAIL SET, WE COULD SEE THAT OUR SHIP WAS NO MATCH FOR THE SWIFT MOOR... AND AS THE GAP BETWEEN THE TWO SHIPS STEADILY CLOSED, MY HEART BEGAN TO POUND WITH FEAR AND EXCITEMENT.

A BLUNDER ON THE PART OF THE MOORISH HELMSMAN BROUGHT THE PIRATE SHIP ATHWART OUR QUARTER--AND INSTANTLY, THE MOOR RECEIVED A BROADSIDE OF EIGHT GUNS WHICH MADE HIM SHEER OFF AGAIN...

FIRE, LADS!!

BUT AFTER DROPPING A LITTLE WAY ASTERN, BACK THE PIRATE SHIP CAME--AND THE MOORS SWARMED OVER THE BULWARKS OF OUR SHIP.

THE ROVERS SURGED FORWARD LIKE DEMONS, CUTTING AND HACKING THEIR WAY ABOARD.

IT WAS MY FIRST TASTE OF ACTION AND I DID MY BEST TO BEHAVE AS WOULD A MIDSHIPMAN LUNGING INTO THE THICKEST FIGHTING FROM THE VERY OUTSET...

BUT THERE CAME A TIME WHEN MY FELLOW CREWMEN REALIZED THAT THE STRUGGLE WAS HOPELESS...

THREE OF OUR CREW WERE DEAD, AND EIGHT MORE WOUNDED. OUR SHIP WAS DISMASTED, FOR THE MOORS HAD SLASHED THE RIGGING...

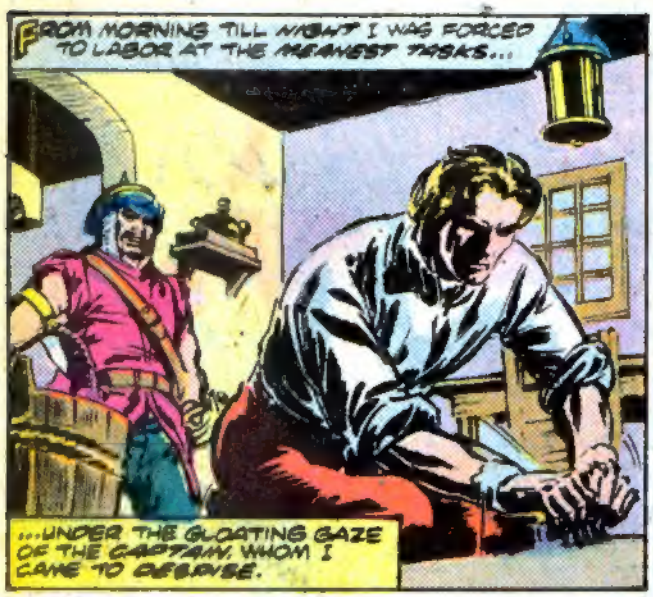
...AND SO, MY COMRADES AND I WERE FORCED TO YIELD.

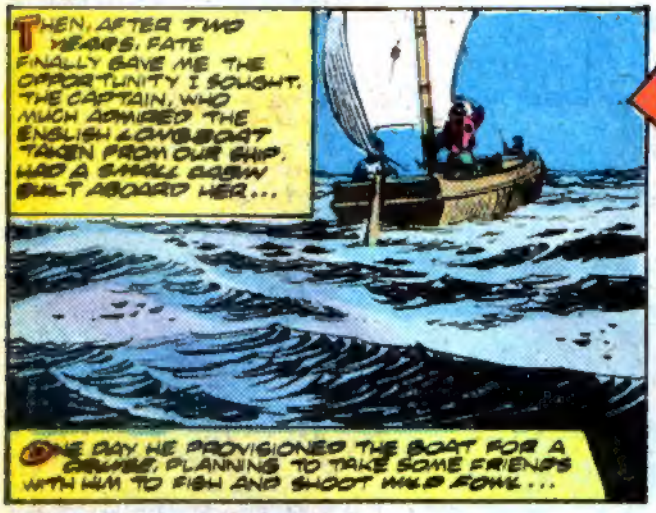
FOR SOME REASON, I WAS SINGLED OUT FROM THE REST OF MY FELLOW CAPTIVES AND BROUGHT BEFORE THE CHIEF OF THE PIRATES...

ALTHOUGH I COULD NOT UNDERSTAND HIS FOREIGN TONGUE, APPARENTLY HE WAS CLAIMING ME AS HIS PERSONAL SLAVE--A FATE WHICH APPEALED TO ME VERY LITTLE.

TAKEN TO THE PORT OF SALLE, IN MOROCCO, THE OTHER MEMBERS OF MY CREW LEARNED TO THEIR HORROR THAT THEY WERE DOOMED TO BECOME SLAVES OF THE MOORISH EMPEROR...

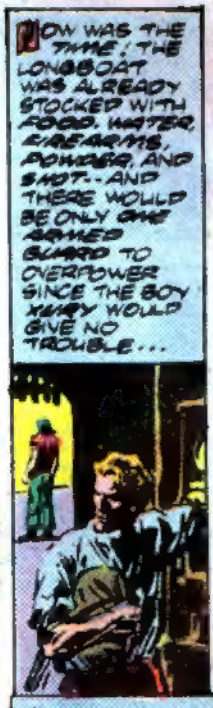
...WHILE I WAS LED OFF ALONE--DESTINED FOR THE PIRATE CAPTAIN'S HOUSE AND A LIFE OF CONSTANT DRUDGERY.


FROM MORNING TILL NIGHT I WAS FORCED TO LABOR AT THE MEANEST TASKS...
...UNDER THE GLOATING GAZE OF THE CAPTAIN, WHOM I CAME TO DESPISE.

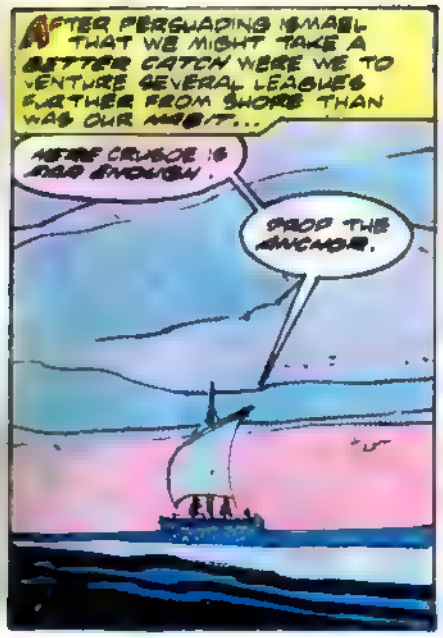

THEN, AFTER TWO YEARS, FATE FINALLY GAVE ME THE OPPORTUNITY I SOUGHT. THE CAPTAIN, WHO MUCH ADMIRED THE ENGLISH LONGBOAT TAKEN FROM OUR SHIP, HAD A SMALL CABIN BUILT ABOARD HER...
ONE DAY HE PROVISIONED THE BOAT FOR A CRUISE, PLANNING TO TAKE SOME FRIENDS WITH HIM TO FISH AND SHOOT WILD FOWL...

BUT AT THE LAST MOMENT...
CRUSOE, I HAVE CHANGED MY MIND. I AM TOO WEARY FOR A CRUISE.
YOU WILL TAKE THE BOAT WITH XURY AND ISMAEL INSTEAD -- AND BRING BACK MANY FISH.

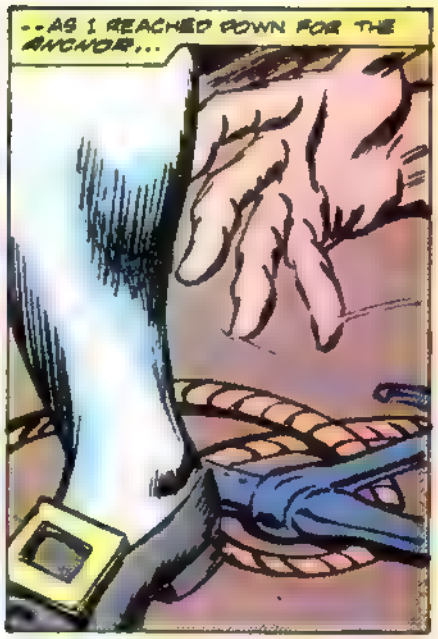
AFTER SEVERAL MONTHS, HOWEVER, MY FORTUNES IMPROVED SOMEWHAT. BY CHANCE, THE CAPTAIN LEARNED THAT I HAD SOME SKILL IN CATCHING FISH, AND I WAS GIVEN THE TASK OF PROVIDING SAME FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.
ALL THIS TIME MY ONE THOUGHT WAS OF ESCAPE -- BUT SUCH SEEMED IMPOSSIBLE SINCE MY SMALL BOAT WAS ALWAYS HEAVILY GUARDED.

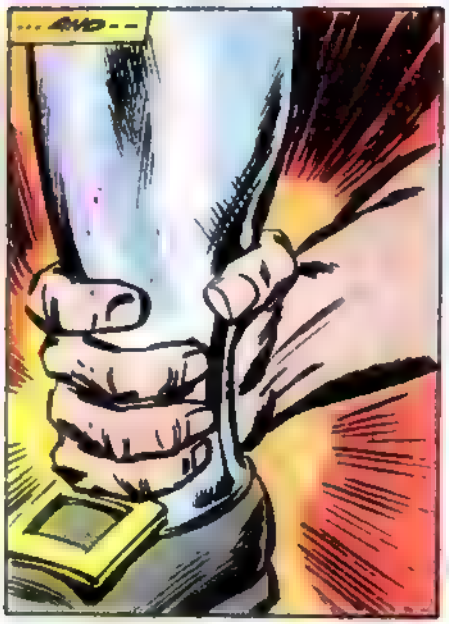

NOW WAS THE TIME! THE LONGBOAT WAS ALREADY STOCKED WITH FOOD, WATER, FIREARMS, POWDER, AND SHOT. -- AND THERE WOULD BE ONLY ONE ARMED GUARD TO OVERPOWER SINCE THE BOY XURY WOULD GIVE NO TROUBLE...
I CONCEALED SUCH TOOLS AND OTHER THINGS AS I MIGHT REQUIRE, AND PREPARED TO SMUGGLE THEM ABOARD THE BOAT...

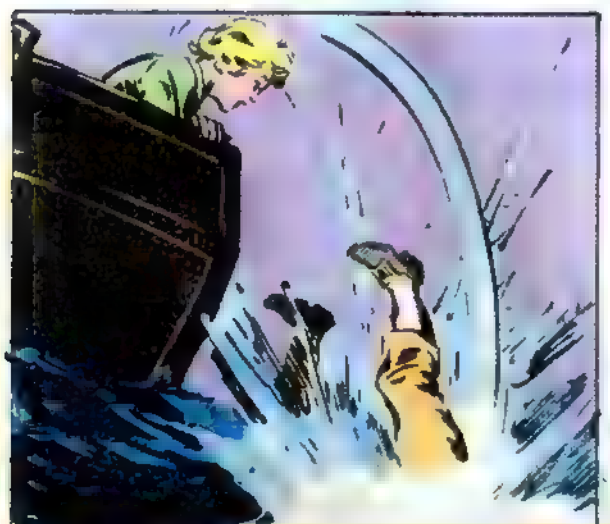
BY THE TIME WE SAILED FORTH FROM THE HARBOR, THERE WERE MANY THINGS HIDDEN ABOARD THE LITTLE BOAT OF WHICH ISMAEL -- THE ARMED GUARD -- KNEW NOTHING.
I COULD ONLY HOPE THAT MY INTENTIONS WERE ALSO HIDDEN SO WELL...


AFTER PERSUADING ISMAEL THAT WE MIGHT TAKE A BETTER CATCH WERE WE TO VENTURE SEVERAL LEAGUES FURTHER FROM SHORE THAN WAS OUR WONT...
MERE CRUSOE IS DEAD ENOUGH!
DROP THE ANCHOR.

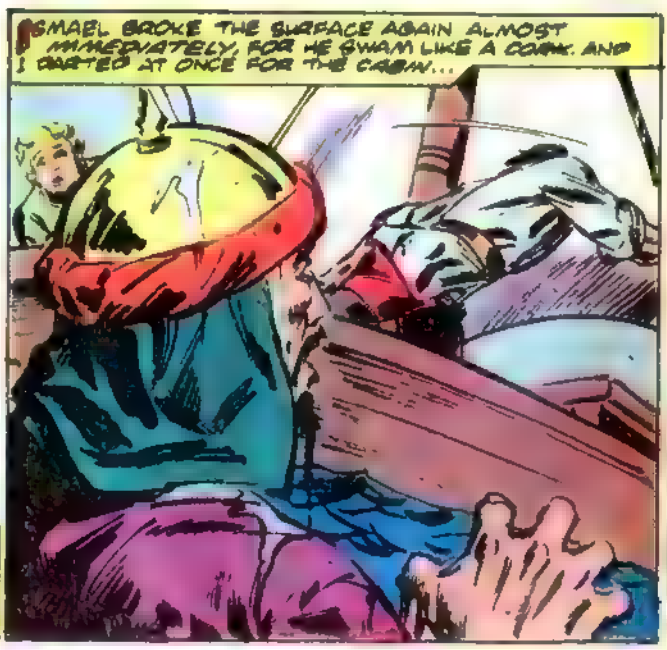
ISMAEL HAD GROWN SO ACCUSTOMED TO GUARDING ME ON SUCH FISHING EXPEDITIONS THAT HE NOW HAD NOT THE SLIGHTEST THOUGHT OF DANGER.
THUS, HE REMAINED STANDING AT THE BOW, GAZING OUT AT THE SEA--





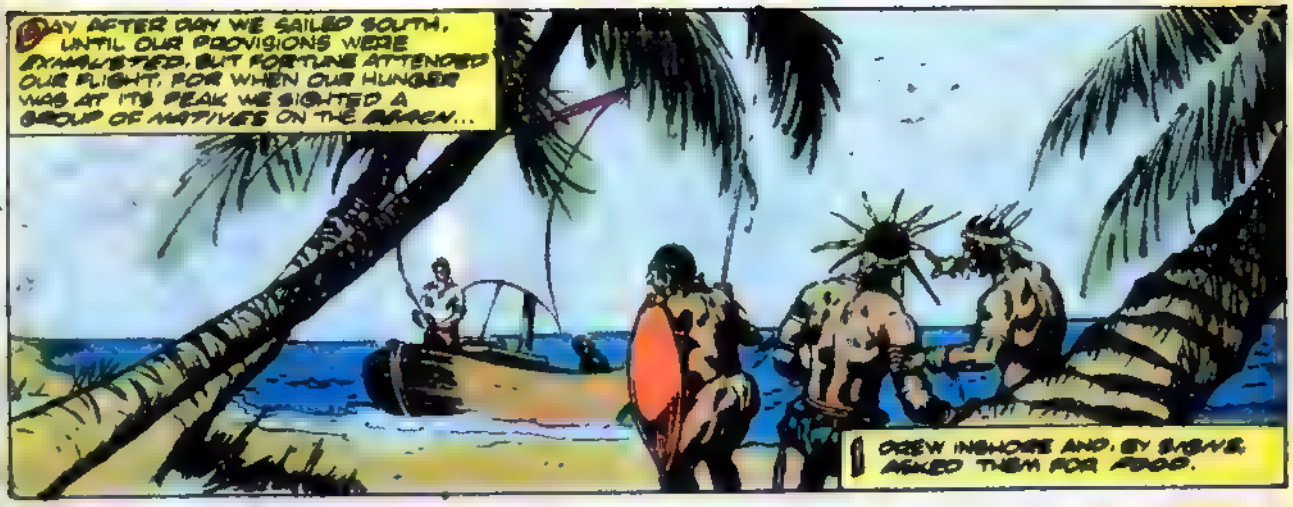


HEARING THE SLIGHT SCUFFLE, LITTLE XURY LOOKED UP FROM THE HELM-- HIS MOUTH FALLING OPEN IN SHOCK-- IN TIME TO SEE ISMAEL FLY THROUGH THE AIR, HIT THE WATER WITH A GREAT SPLASH AND VANISH UNDER THE SURFACE



ISMAEL BROKE THE SURFACE AGAIN ALMOST IMMEDIATELY, FOR HE SWAM LIKE A CORK. AND I DARTED AT ONCE FOR THE CABIN...

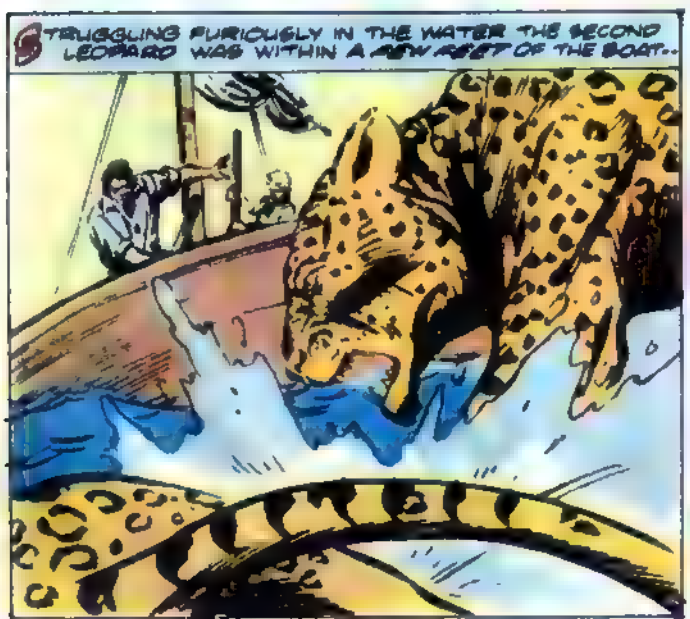
TOOK UP ONE OF THE OARLOCKS, BRACED AND AIMED IT FULL AT THE SWIMMING MOOR...
YOU SWIM WELL ENOUGH TO REACH THE SHORE, ISMAEL--AND THE SEA IS CALM.
BE OFF! FOR IF YOU COME ANY NEARER TO THE BOAT--
--I WILL SHOOT YOU THROUGH THE HEAD!
HA-HA-HA!
NOW, YOU, XURY--WILL YOU BE TRUE TO ME...
...OR MUST I THROW YOU INTO THE SEA ALSO?
N-NO, CRUSOE... I...I WILL BE TRUE TO YOU...
GOOD! NOW SET THE SAILS NORTHWARD--BUT ONCE WE ARE BEYOND SIGHT OF SHORE, TURN SOUTH.
THEY WILL PURSUE US, EXPECTING WE HAVE MADE FOR SPAIN... AND NEVER GUESSING WE HAVE BOEN SOUTH ALONG THE AFRICAN COAST.


DAY AFTER DAY WE SAILED SOUTH, UNTIL OUR PROVISIONS WERE DEPLETED. BUT FORTUNE ATTENDED OUR FLIGHT, FOR WHEN OUR HUNGER WAS AT ITS PEAK WE SIGHTED A GROUP OF NATIVES ON THE BEACH...
I DREW INSHORE AND, BY SIGNS, ASKED THEM FOR FOOD.

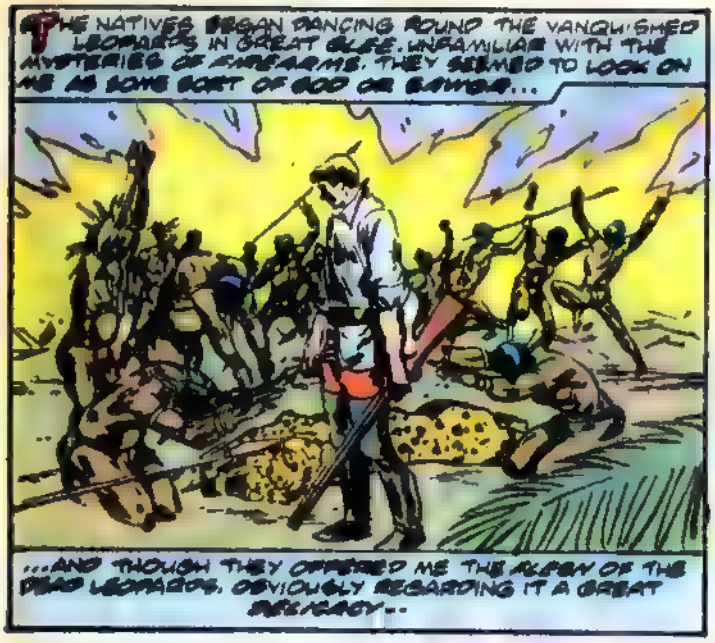
MY GUN WAS NOT NEEDED, FOR THE BLACKS PROVED FRIENDLY AND GENEROUS. UNHARMED, XURY WADED BACK WITH THE NATIVES' GIFT OF FOOD MEAT AND COCOA.
IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO REPAY THEM FOR THEIR GENEROSITY. BUT I WISHED I COULD REPAY THEM IN SOME WAY...

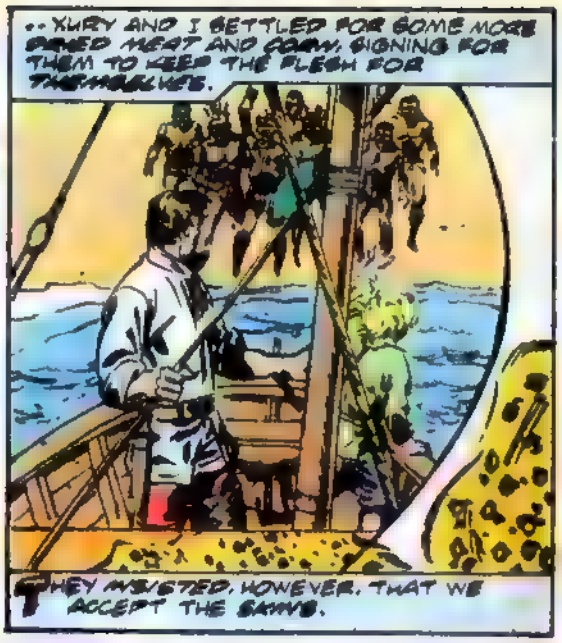
AND AT THAT VERY INSTANT, MY WISH WAS FULFILLED...
RAWRR
YAAAAHH

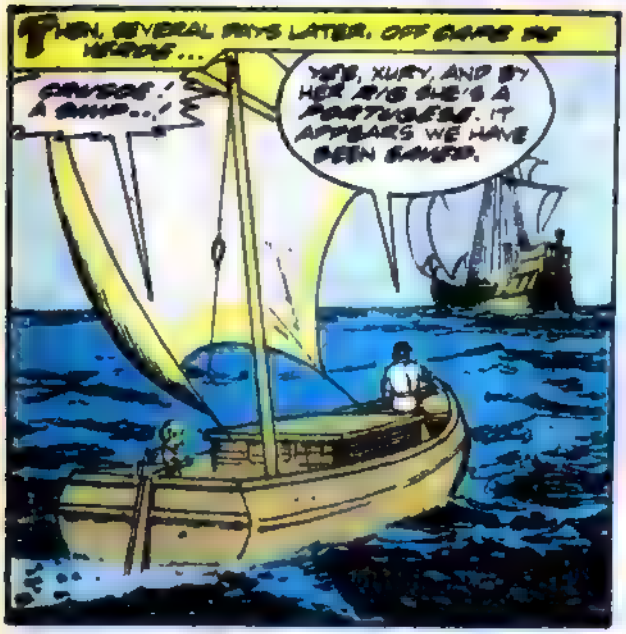
...IN A MOST STARTLING FASHION.
QUICK, XURY! LOAD ONE OF THE OTHER GUNS! THE SECOND BRUTE IS COMING STRAIGHT FOR THE BOAT--!!
BLAM

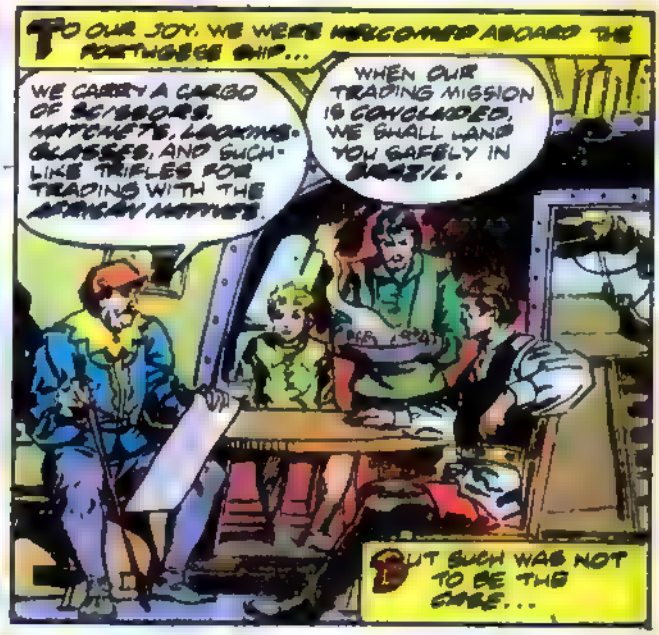

STRUGGLING FURIOUSLY IN THE WATER THE SECOND LEOPARD WAS WITHIN A FEW FEET OF THE BOAT..

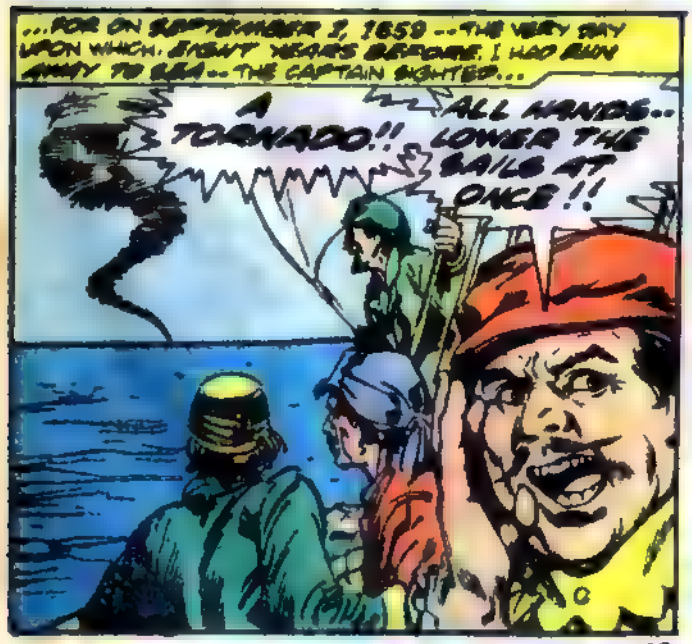
--BEFORE I MANAGED MY SECOND SHOT.
BLAM

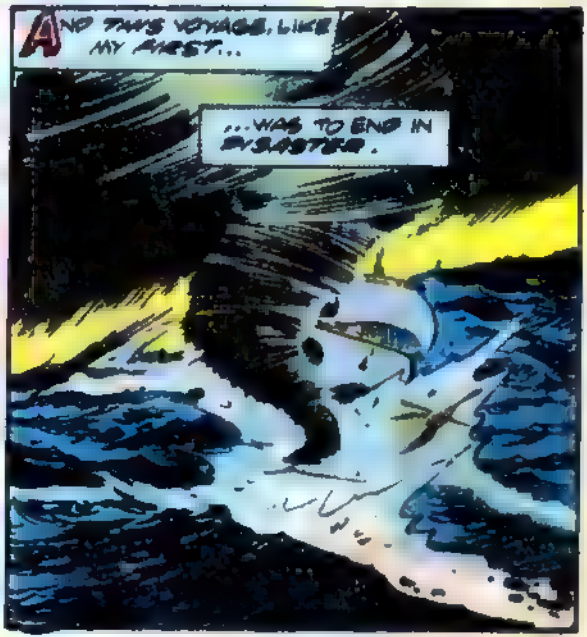

THE NATIVES BEGAN DANCING ROUND THE VANQUISHED LEOPARDS IN GREAT GLEE. UNFAMILIAR WITH THE MYSTERIES OF FIREARMS, THEY SEEMED TO LOOK ON ME AS SOME SORT OF GOD OR SHAMAN...
...AND THOUGH THEY OFFERED ME THE ALBEN OF THE DEAD LEOPARDS, OBVIOUSLY REGARDING IT A GREAT DELICACY..


..XURY AND I SETTLED FOR SOME MORE DRIED MEAT AND GOUM, SIGNING FOR THEM TO KEEP THE FLESH FOR THEMSELVES.
THEY INSISTED, HOWEVER, THAT WE ACCEPT THE SKINS.


THEN, SEVERAL DAYS LATER, OFF GAME THE HEROES...
CRUSOE! A SHIP...!
YES, XURY, AND BY HER RIG SHE'S A PORTUGESE. IT APPEARS WE HAVE BEEN SAVED.


TO OUR JOY, WE WERE WELCOMED ABOARD THE PORTUGESE SHIP...
WE CARRY A CARGO OF SCISSORS, HATCHETS, LOOKING-GLASSES, AND SUCH-LIKE TRIFLES FOR TRADING WITH THE AFRICAN NATIVES.
WHEN OUR TRADING MISSION IS CONCLUDED, WE SHALL LAND YOU SAFELY IN BRAZIL.
BUT SUCH WAS NOT TO BE THE CASE...

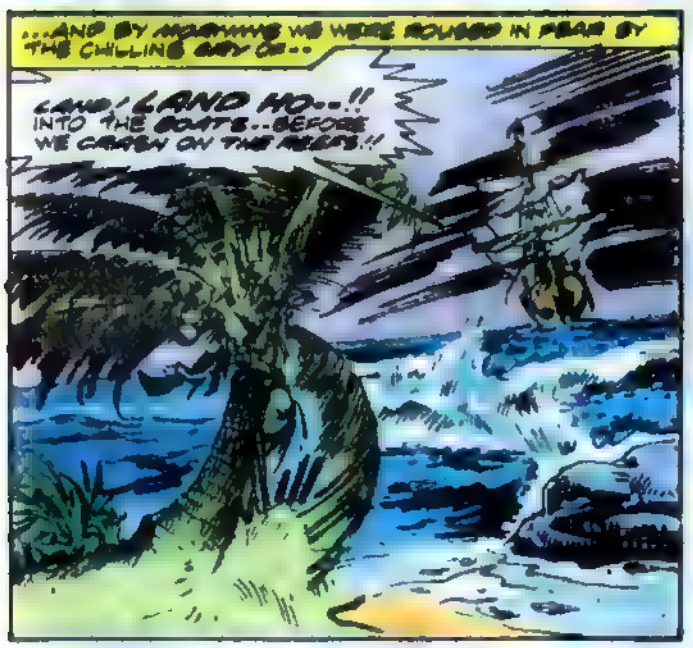

...FOR ON SEPTEMBER 1, 1659 --THE VERY DAY UPON WHICH, EIGHT YEARS BEFORE, I HAD RUN AWAY TO SEA -- THE CAPTAIN SIGHTED...
A TORNADO!! ALL HANDS.. LOWER THE SAILS AT ONCE!!

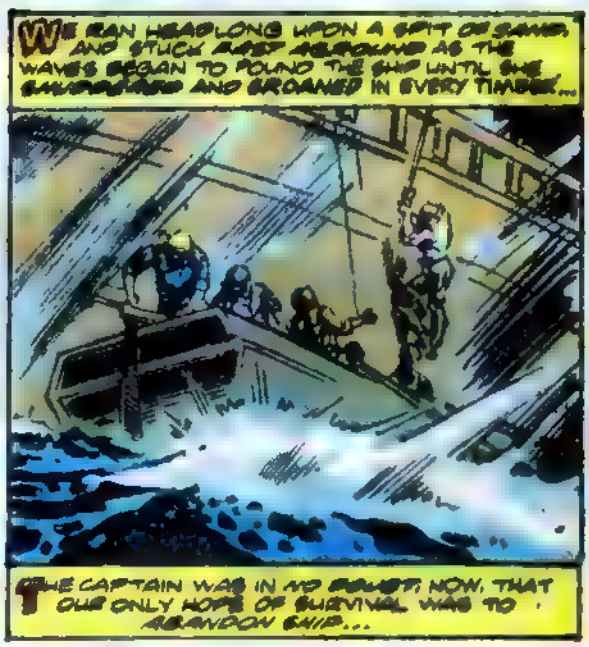

AND THIS VOYAGE, LIKE MY ARREST...
...WAS TO END IN DISASTER.

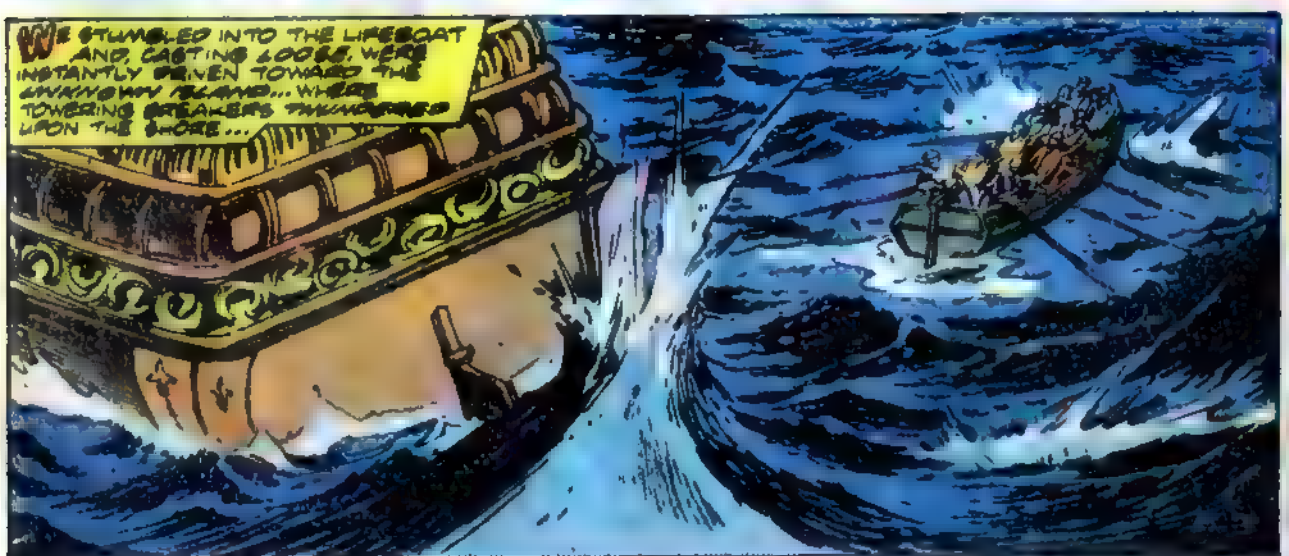
WHEN THE STORM HAD FINALLY ABATED, IT WAS DISCOVERED THAT...
CAPTAIN--THE HOLD HAS SPRUNG A LEAK! SHE'LL NOT LAST LONG...

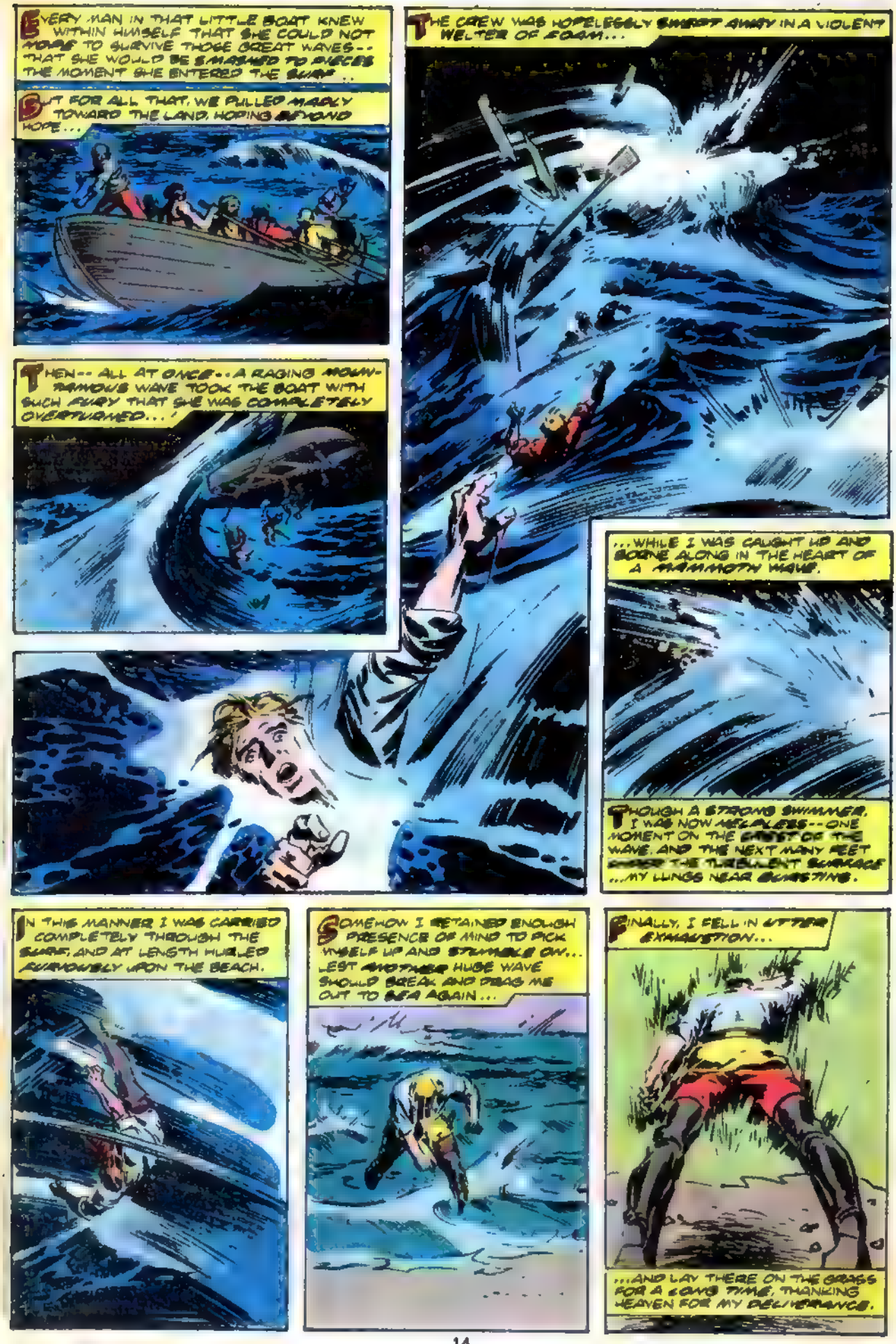
WE HAD BEST SAIL FOR BARBADOS ISLAND, CAPTAIN--IT IS THE NEAREST PLACE WHERE THE VESSEL CAN BE REPAIRED.
YES, CRUSOE, I SUPPOSE YOU ARE RIGHT! WE HAVE LITTLE CHOICE NOW...

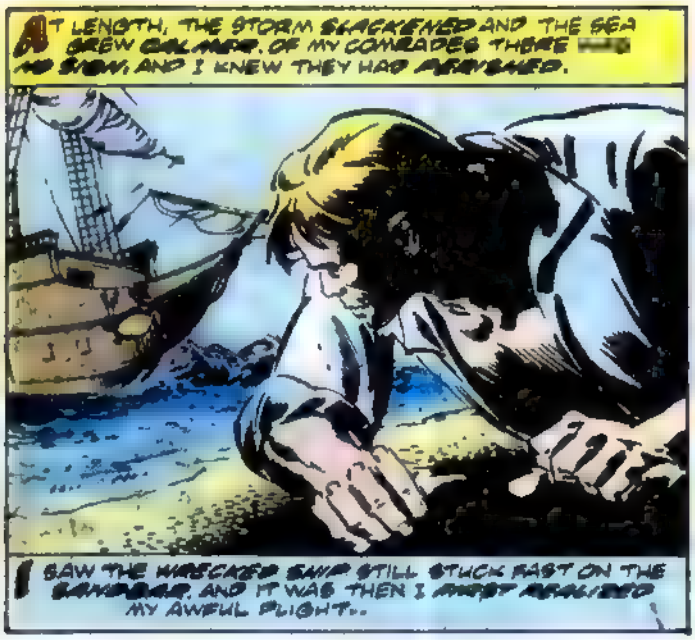
BUT AS WE MADE FOR BARBADOS, WE WERE STRUCK BY A SECOND STORM--MORE VIOLENT THAN THE FIRST--WHICH DROVE US WESTWARD TOWARD THE COAST OF GUIANA...
HOLD THE RUDDER--OR WE'LL BE SHIPWRECKED ON THE COAST!!
WE DID OUR BEST TO MAINTAIN A NORTHERLY COURSE, BUT THE STORM WAS STRONGER BY FAR...


...AND BY MORNING WE WERE ROUSED IN FEAR BY THE CHILLING CRY OF--
LAND! LAND HO--!! INTO THE BOATS--BEFORE WE CAPSIZE ON THE REEFS!!

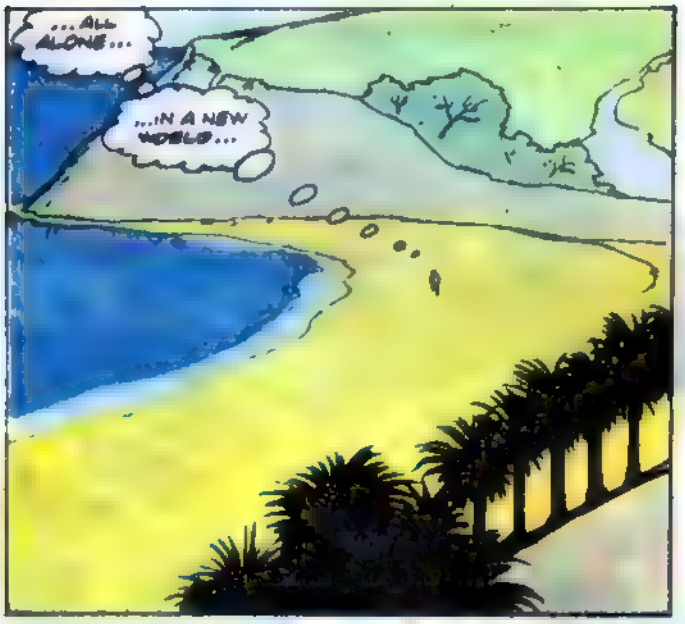

WE RAN HEADLONG UPON A SPIT OF SAND, AND STUCK FAST AGROUND AS THE WAVES BEGAN TO POUND THE SHIP UNTIL SHE SHUDDERED AND GROANED IN EVERY TIMBER...
THE CAPTAIN WAS IN NO DOUBT NOW, THAT OUR ONLY HOPE OF SURVIVAL WAS TO ABANDON SHIP...

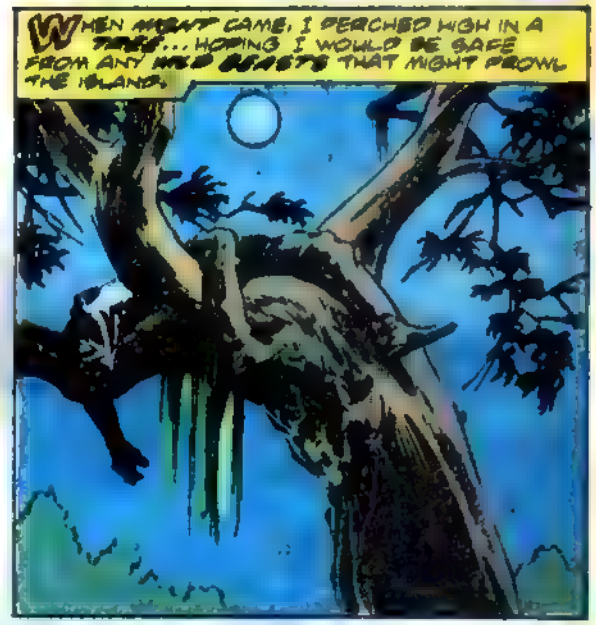

WE STUMBLED INTO THE LIFEBOAT AND, CASTING LOOSE, WERE INSTANTLY DRIVEN TOWARD THE UNKNOWN ISLAND... WHERE TOWERING BREAKERS THUNDERED UPON THE SHORE...


EVERY MAN IN THAT LITTLE BOAT KNEW WITHIN HIMSELF THAT SHE COULD NOT HOPE TO SURVIVE THOSE GREAT WAVES--THAT SHE WOULD BE SMASHED TO PIECES THE MOMENT SHE ENTERED THE SURF...
BUT FOR ALL THAT, WE PULLED MADLY TOWARD THE LAND, HOPING BEYOND HOPE...
THE CREW WAS HOPELESSLY SWEPT AWAY IN A VIOLENT WELTER OF FOAM...
THEN--ALL AT ONCE--A RAGING MOUNTAINOUS WAVE TOOK THE BOAT WITH SUCH FURY THAT SHE WAS COMPLETELY OVERTURNED...
...WHILE I WAS CAUGHT UP AND BORNE ALONG IN THE HEART OF A MAMMOTH WAVE.
THOUGH A STRONG SWIMMER, I WAS NOW HELPLESS--ONE MOMENT ON THE CREST OF THE WAVE, AND THE NEXT MANY FEET UNDER THE TURBULENT SURFACE ...MY LUNGS NEAR BURSTING.
IN THIS MANNER I WAS CARRIED COMPLETELY THROUGH THE SURF; AND AT LENGTH HURLED FURIOUSLY UPON THE BEACH.
SOMEHOW I RETAINED ENOUGH PRESENCE OF MIND TO PICK MYSELF UP AND STUMBLE ON... LEST ANOTHER HUGE WAVE SHOULD BREAK AND DRAG ME OUT TO SEA AGAIN...
FINALLY, I FELL IN UTTER EXHAUSTION...
...AND LAY THERE ON THE GRASS FOR A LONG TIME, THANKING HEAVEN FOR MY DELIVERANCE.


AT LENGTH, THE STORM SLACKENED AND THE SEA GREW CALMER. OF MY COMRADES THERE WAS NO SIGN, AND I KNEW THEY HAD PERISHED.
I SAW THE WRECKED SHIP STILL STUCK FAST ON THE SANDBAR. AND IT WAS THEN I FIRST REALIZED MY AWFUL PLIGHT..

TURNING OUT MY POCKETS, I COULD ONLY STARE AT THE MEAGER CONTENTS. I WAS ALONE UPON AN UNCHARTED ISLAND, MY ONLY POSSESSIONS A KNIFE, A PIPE...AND A TOBACCO BOX...
ALONE...

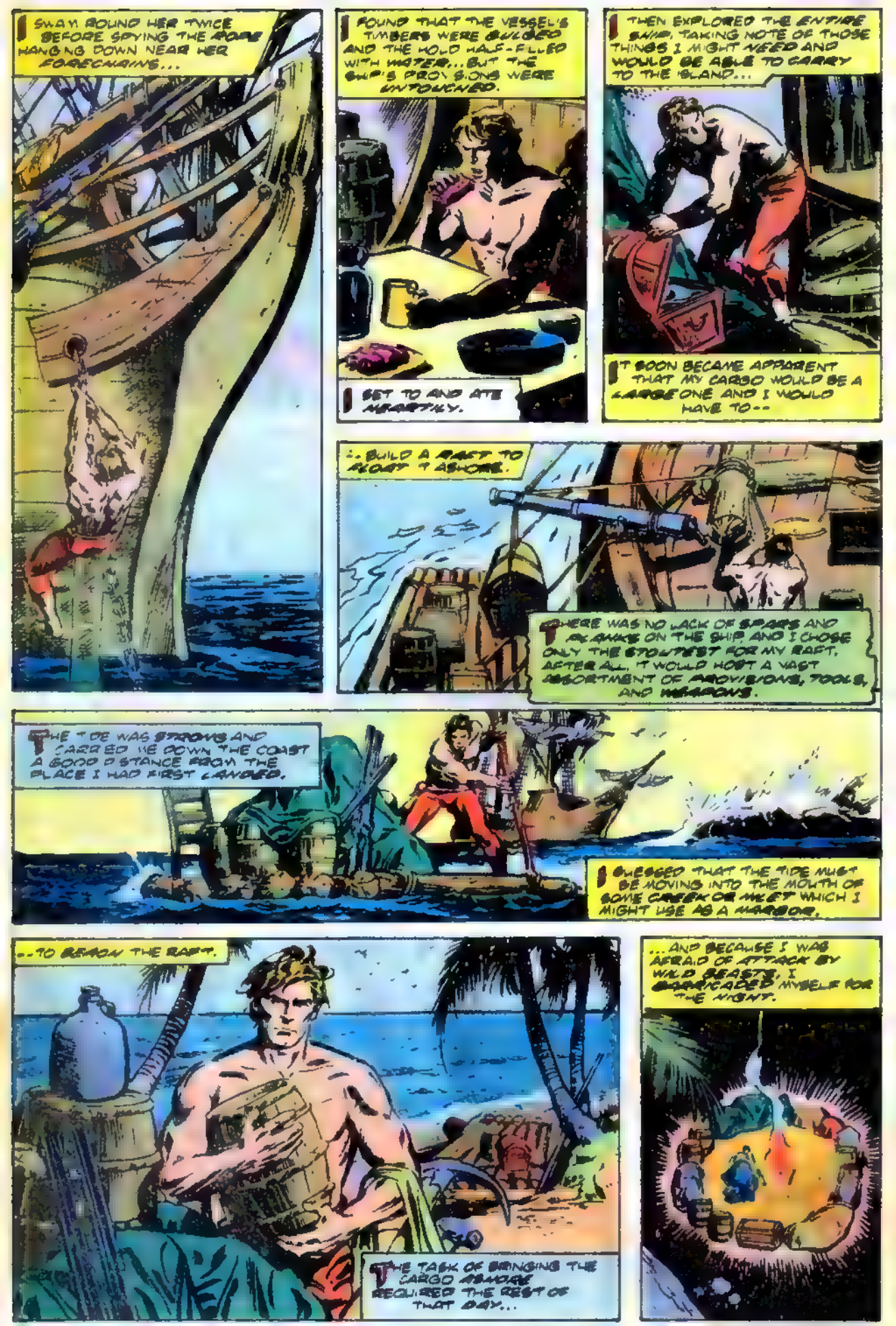

...ALL ALONE...
...IN A NEW WORLD...

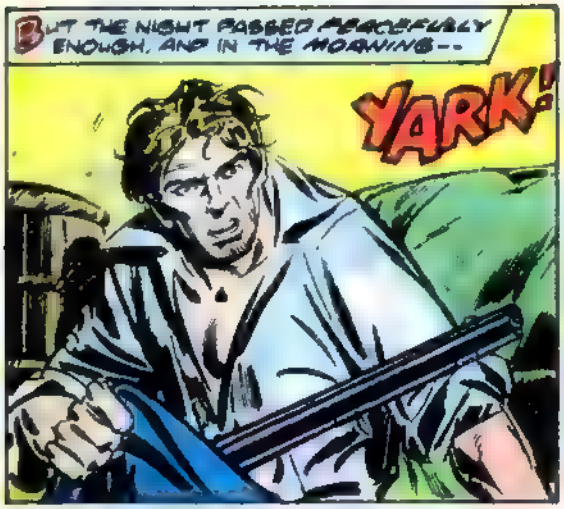

WHEN NIGHT CAME, I PERCHED HIGH IN A TREE... HOPING I WOULD BE SAFE FROM ANY WILD BEASTS THAT MIGHT PROWL THE ISLAND.

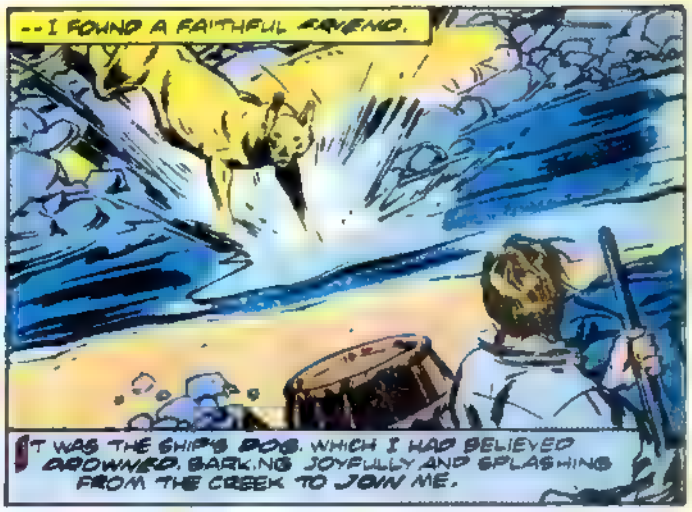
AND AT DAWN...
THEN IF WE HAD BUT REMAINED ABOARD HER--

--NOT ONE OF US... WOULD HAVE PERISHED.
...I SAW THAT THE SHIP HAD BEEN LIFTED OFF HER SANDBAR, AND WAS NOW FAST AGROUND MUCH NEARER THE SHORE.

I KNEW THE COASTAL WATERS OF THESE ISLANDS TEEMED WITH SHARKS...
...BUT I WOULD HAVE LITTLE CHANCE ANYWAY, IF I DID NOT SALVAGE FOOD AND WEAPONS.

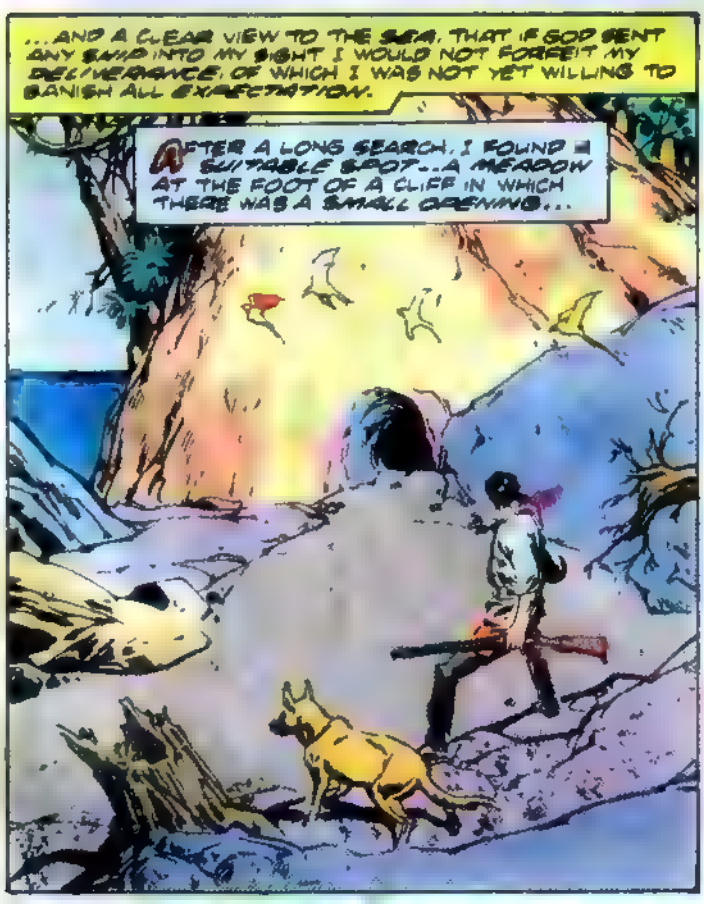

I SWAM ROUND HER TWICE BEFORE SPYING THE APE HANGING DOWN NEAR HER FORECASTLE...
I FOUND THAT THE VESSEL'S TIMBERS WERE BULGED AND THE HOLD HALF-FILLED WITH WATER... BUT THE SHIP'S PROVISIONS WERE UNTOUCHED.
I SET TO AND ATE HEARTILY.
I THEN EXPLORED THE ENTIRE SHIP, TAKING NOTE OF THOSE THINGS I MIGHT NEED AND WOULD BE ABLE TO CARRY TO THE ISLAND...
IT SOON BECAME APPARENT THAT MY CARGO WOULD BE A LARGE ONE AND I WOULD HAVE TO--
...BUILD A RAFT TO FLOAT IT ASHORE.
THERE WAS NO LACK OF SPARS AND PLANKS ON THE SHIP AND I CHOSE ONLY THE STOUTEST FOR MY RAFT. AFTER ALL, IT WOULD HOST A VAST ASSORTMENT OF PROVISIONS, TOOLS, AND WEAPONS.
THE TIDE WAS STRONG AND CARRIED ME DOWN THE COAST A GOOD DISTANCE FROM THE PLACE I HAD FIRST LANDED.
I GUESSED THAT THE TIDE MUST BE MOVING INTO THE MOUTH OF SOME CREEK OR INLET WHICH I MIGHT USE AS A HARBOR.
...TO REACH THE RAFT.
THE TASK OF BRINGING THE CARGO ASHORE REQUIRED THE REST OF THAT DAY...
...AND BECAUSE I WAS AFRAID OF ATTACK BY WILD BEASTS, I BARRICADED MYSELF FOR THE NIGHT.

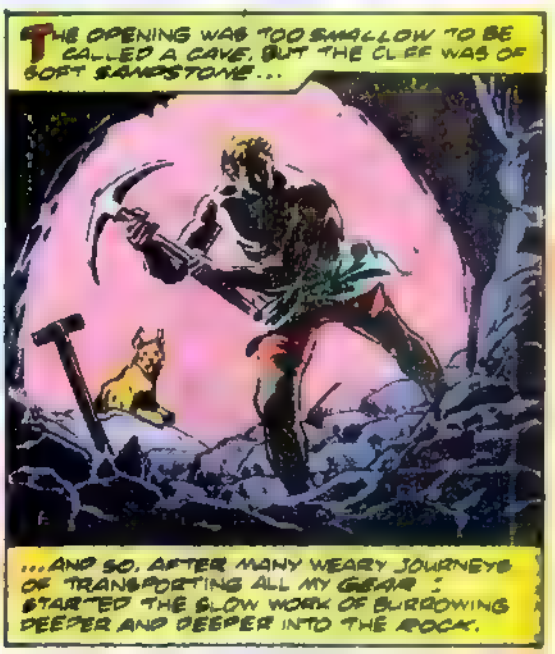

BUT THE NIGHT PASSED PEACEFULLY ENOUGH, AND IN THE MORNING--
YARK!


--I FOUND A FAITHFUL FRIEND.
IT WAS THE SHIP'S DOG, WHICH I HAD BELIEVED DROWNED, BARKING JOYFULLY AND SPLASHING FROM THE CREEK TO JOIN ME.

WELL, NOT SO ALL ALONE IN MY NEW WORLD EH-- I
AND WHAT SHALL WE CALL THIS NEW WORLD OF OURS? THE "ISLAND OF DESPAIR"...? VERY WELL MY FRIEND--THE ISLAND OF DESPAIR IT IS.

AFTER SEVERAL MORE SALVAGING EXPEDITIONS I DECIDED TO EXPLORE THE ISLAND FOR A SECURE PLACE WHERE I MIGHT MAKE MY ARMAMENT HOME.
I HAD FOUR NEEDS OF THIS PROPOSED HOME: ACCESS TO FRESH WATER; SHELTER FROM THE SUN AND RAIN; SECURITY FROM RAVENOUS CREAT[illegible] WHETHER MAN OR BEAST...


...AND A CLEAR VIEW TO THE SEA, THAT IF GOD SENT ANY SHIP INTO MY SIGHT I WOULD NOT FORFEIT MY DELIVERANCE, OF WHICH I WAS NOT YET WILLING TO BANISH ALL EXPECTATION.
AFTER A LONG SEARCH, I FOUND A SUITABLE SPOT--A MEADOW AT THE FOOT OF A CLIFF IN WHICH THERE WAS A SMALL OPENING...


THE OPENING WAS TOO SHALLOW TO BE CALLED A CAVE, BUT THE CLEF WAS OF SOFT SANDSTONE...
...AND SO, AFTER MANY WEARY JOURNEYS OF TRANSPORTING ALL MY GEAR - STARTED THE SLOW WORK OF BURROWING DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE ROCK.

After long days of slow labor I had finally enlarged the recess to the point where I was satisfied --having excavated a chamber spacious enough to serve as both living quarters and storehouse.

But being afraid that the roof might collapse and bury me I still faced the task of wedging stout support beams into place.

At last came that supremely satisfying moment of pride when my work was finished. I had done everything I could to make my new home snug and secure.

It was crude and primitive, to be certain, but it was home... and thus, a place of beauty in my eyes.

Although the work on the cave had occupied most of my time, I went out every day on hunting expeditions with the dog and my gun.

The provisions I had salvaged from the ship were limited, and had to be eked out every day with whatever birds and small game I could shoot.

The island seemed to become in game and, as a result of constant necessity, the dog and I became quite expert in securing our daily meal...

BLAM!

Each morning on our hunting expeditions, I would go down to the great wooden cross I had erected on the beach where I was first cast ashore. The cross was my calendar -- my only means of keeping track of time...

ANOTHER DAY, MY FRIEND... AND ANOTHER NOTCH.

I CAME ON SHORE HERE ON THE 30TH OF SEPTEMBER. 1659

My chief quarry was the wild goats which were plentiful on the island. And I soon learned that the best approach was from above.

Even so, they were too quick to capture, and I was forced to settle for their flesh.

BLAM!

BUT ONE DAY, MY SHOT SO AMBITENED ONE OF THE FLEEING HERD THAT IT STUMBLED IN FLIGHT AND WENT LAME. THE INJURY WAS SLIGHT AND WOULD SOON HEAL ON ITS OWN...

NOW I WOULD HAVE BOTH FRESH MEAT.. AND MILK AND CHEESE, AS WELL.

THE TASK THAT THEN OCCUPIED MOST OF MY TIME AND LABOR, ONCE I HAD COMPLETED THE INTERIOR OF MY CAVE, WAS THE ERECTION OF A SEMICIRCULAR STOCKADE.

THIS WAS TO GUARD AGAINST ANY SURPRISE ATTACK BY THE WILD BEASTS OR SAVAGES I BELIEVED MIGHT BE LIVING SOMEWHERE ON THE ISLAND...

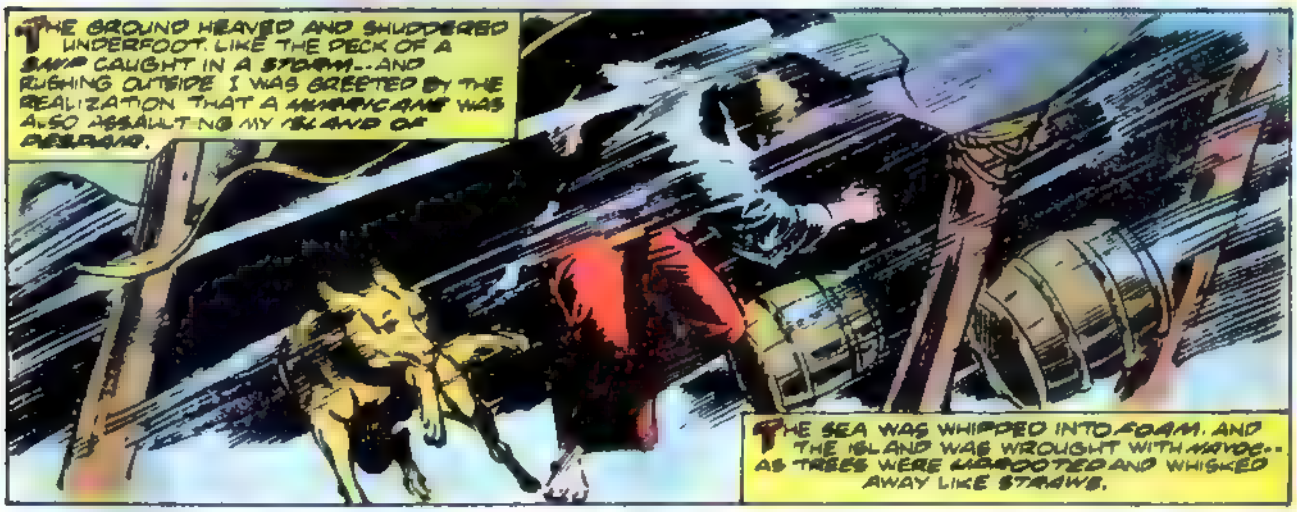
WHEN THE STOCKADE WAS COMPLETED, I FELT TRULY SECURE FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE I HAD BECOME A CASTAWAY.

INDEED, THERE WAS NOT EVEN A DOOR TO THE STOCKADE-- A ROUGH LADDER SERVED MY EXITS AND ENTRIES, AND SAFETY THUS SEEMED ASSURED...

...UNTIL THE EARTHQUAKE.

I AWOKE TO LOUD CRACKING SOUNDS-- ONLY TO SEE TWO OF MY SUPPORT BEAMS BREAKING UNDER THE WEIGHT OF THE COLLAPSING ROOF!

THE GROUND HEAVED AND SHUDDERED UNDERFOOT, LIKE THE DECK OF A SHIP CAUGHT IN A STORM--AND RUSHING OUTSIDE I WAS GREETED BY THE REALIZATION THAT A HURRICANE WAS ALSO ASSAULTING MY ISLAND OF REFUGE.

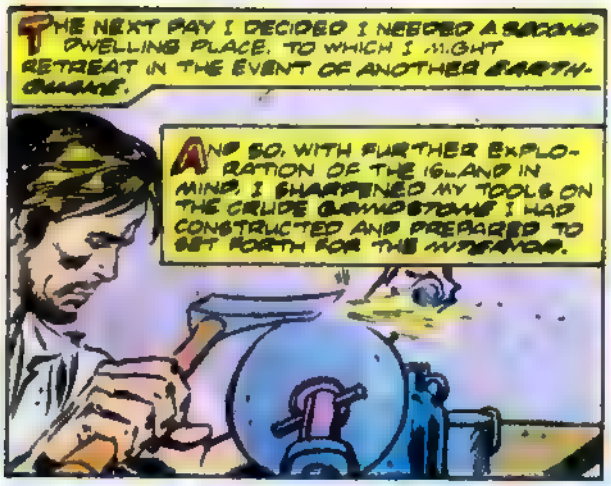


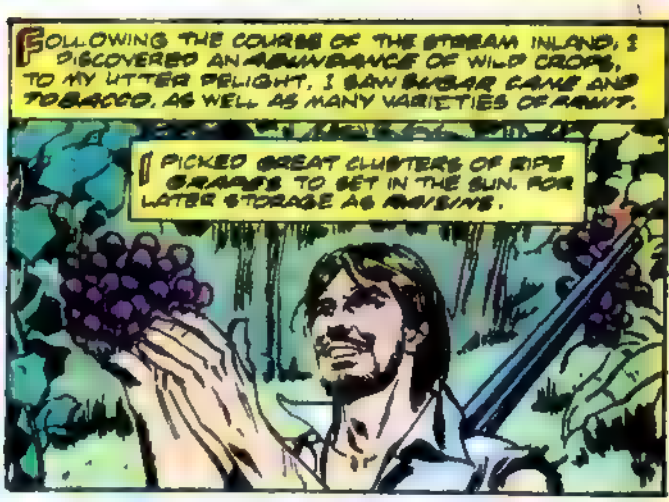
THE SEA WAS WHIPPED INTO FOAM, AND THE ISLAND WAS WROUGHT WITH HAVOC-- AS TREES WERE UPROOTED AND WHISKED AWAY LIKE STRAWS.

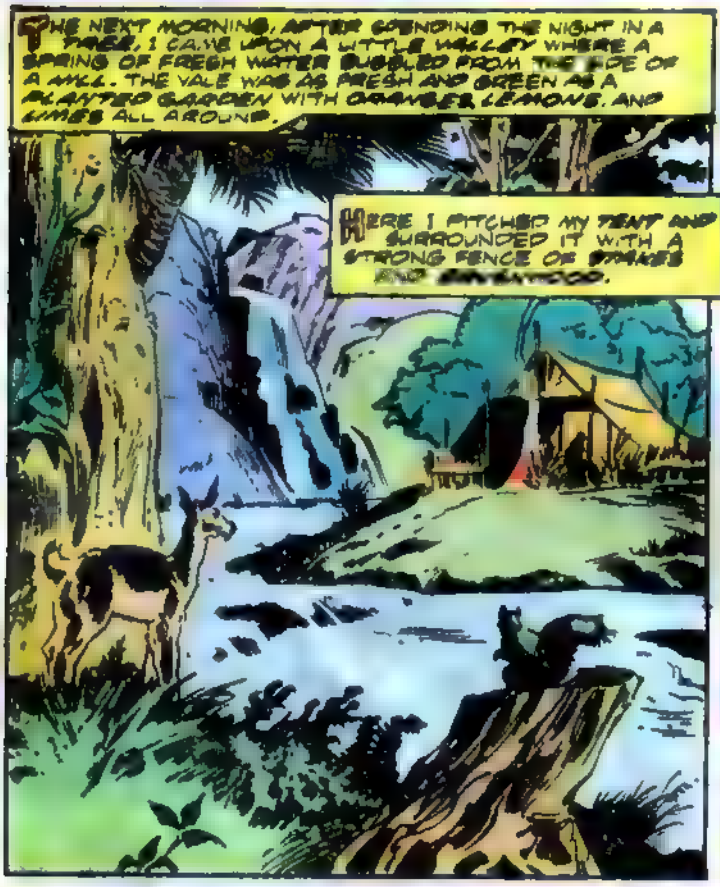
AT LENGTH, THE HURRICANE SPED AWAY ALMOST AS SUDDENLY AS IT HAD COME, AND THE EARTH NO LONGER SHOOK.

BUT NOW THE RAIN BEGAN TO POUR DOWN IN FURIOUS TORRENTS SUCH AS I HAD NEVER BEFORE EXPERIENCED...

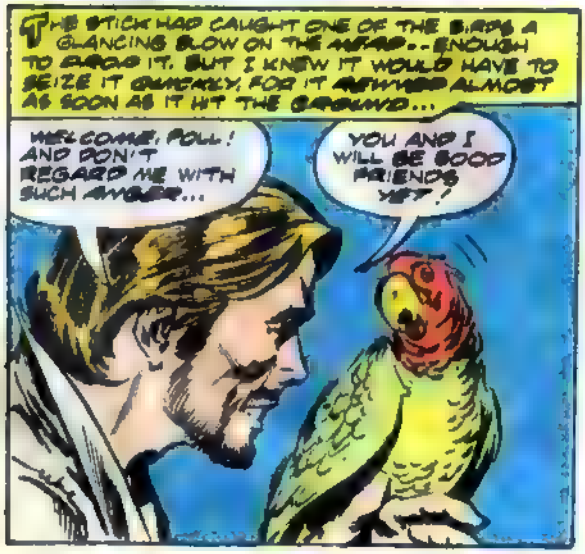
WHEN AT LAST ALL THE EARTHLY VIOLENT FRENZY HAD ABATED--ALONG WITH MY FEAR--I FOUND THAT THE DAMAGE WAS LESS HEAVY THAN I HAD EXPECTED...
FOR THE SEVERAL DAYS FOLLOWING THE EARTHQUAKE, ALL MY TIME WAS CONSUMED WITH REINFORCING THE CAVE AND MAKING OTHER REPAIRS TO THE CAVE...
THE EARTHQUAKE, I DISCOVERED HAD WASHED A GOOD DEAL OF THE WRECK'S TIMBERS ASHORE--AND HAD APPARENTLY RAISED THE VERY SEA BOTTOM...
...FOR A LOW TIDE I WAS NOW ABLE TO WALK TO THE WRECK.
I DECIDED TO REMOVE EVERY POSSIBLE SCRAP OF TIMBER AND IRONWORK FROM THE WRECK STORING IT FOR SUCH TIME AS IT MIGHT PROVE NECESSARY.
I CUT AWAY ALL THE BEAMS AND PLANKS I COULD, LETTING THEM FLOAT ASHORE ON THE INCOMING TIDE--TO BE GATHERED FROM THE BEACH LATER.
I EVEN MANAGED TO HACK OFF SEVERAL PIECES OF SHEET LEAD, WITH WHICH I COULD MOLD NEW BULLETS FOR MY GUNS.
--AND WOULD EAT THAT NIGHT THE FINEST MEAL I HAD TASTED SINCE FATE ARRANGED MY ARRIVAL ON THE ISLAND.
AS I WAS COLLECTING THE DRIFTWOOD, I WAS SUDDENLY SURPRISED TO SEE A HUGE TURTLE APPEARING FROM A HOLLOW IN THE SAND.
I DECIDED I NEEDED A CHANGE FROM MY CUSTOMARY DIET OF GOATFLESH--

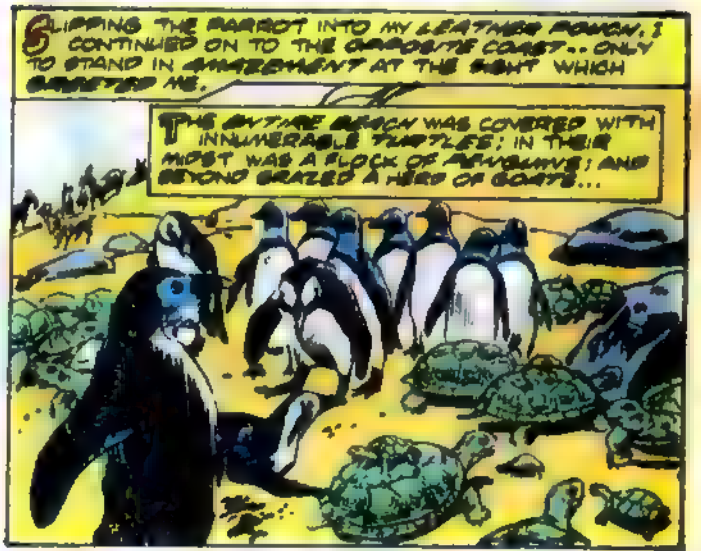

THE NEXT DAY I DECIDED I NEEDED A SECOND DWELLING PLACE, TO WHICH I MIGHT RETREAT IN THE EVENT OF ANOTHER EARTHQUAKE.
AND SO, WITH FURTHER EXPLORATION OF THE ISLAND IN MIND, I SHARPENED MY TOOLS ON THE CRUDE GRINDSTONE I HAD CONSTRUCTED AND PREPARED TO SET FORTH FOR THE INTERIOR.


FOLLOWING THE COURSE OF THE STREAM INLAND, I DISCOVERED AN ABUNDANCE OF WILD CROPS, TO MY UTTER DELIGHT, I SAW SUGAR CANE AND TOBACCO, AS WELL AS MANY VARIETIES OF FRUIT.
I PICKED GREAT CLUSTERS OF RIPE GRAPES TO SET IN THE SUN, FOR LATER STORAGE AS RAISINS.


THE NEXT MORNING, AFTER SPENDING THE NIGHT IN A TREE, I CAME UPON A LITTLE VALLEY WHERE A SPRING OF FRESH WATER BUBBLED FROM THE SIDE OF A HILL. THE VALE WAS AS FRESH AND GREEN AS A PLANTED GARDEN WITH ORANGES, LEMONS, AND LIMES ALL AROUND.
HERE I PITCHED MY TENT AND SURROUNDED IT WITH A STRONG FENCE OF STAKES AND SAPLINGS.

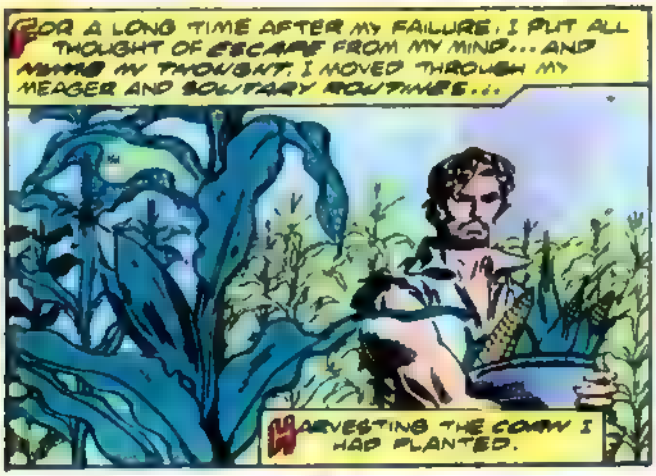
FROM THE SUMMIT, AS I NAMED MY NEW RETREAT, I CONTINUED MY JOURNEY INTO THE RIDGE OF HILLS AT THE CENTER OF THE ISLAND.
MY PASSING SCARED UP A FLOCK OF SCREECHING PARROTS, AND I DECIDED IT WAS TIME FOR A NEW COMPANION.


THE STICK HAD CAUGHT ONE OF THE BIRDS A GLANCING BLOW ON THE HEAD--ENOUGH TO STUN IT. BUT I KNEW IT WOULD HAVE TO SEIZE IT QUICKLY, FOR IT WOULD RECOVER ALMOST AS SOON AS IT HIT THE GROUND...
WELCOME, POLL! AND DON'T REGARD ME WITH SUCH ANGER...
YOU AND I WILL BE GOOD FRIENDS YET!


SLIPPING THE PARROT INTO MY LEATHER POUCH, I CONTINUED ON TO THE OPPOSITE COAST... ONLY TO STAND IN AMAZEMENT AT THE SIGHT WHICH CONFRONTED ME.
THE ENTIRE BEACH WAS COVERED WITH INNUMERABLE TURTLES; IN THEIR MIDST WAS A FLOCK OF FLAMINGOS; AND BEYOND GRAZED A HERD OF GOATS...

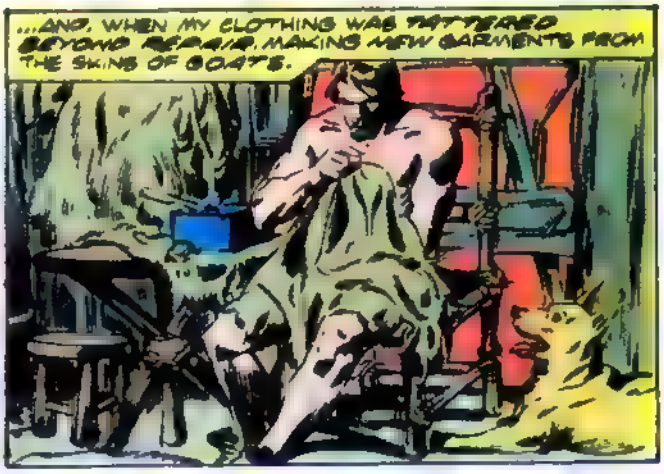
SOON AFTER MY RETURN TO THE CAVE, THE RAINY SEASON BEGAN. AND I SPENT LONG DAYS READING FROM THE BIBLE...
A GOOD MESSAGE THIS ONE, POLL: "CALL UPON ME IN THE DAY OF TROUBLE. I WILL DELIVER THEE: AND THOU SHALT GLORIFY ME."
AND THIS ONE: "CAN GOD SPREAD A TABLE IN THE WILDERNESS?" I WONDER, POLL.. CAN EVEN GOD HIMSELF DELIVER ME FROM THIS PLACE?
...TEACHING POLL TO SPEAK...
COME ON NOW, POLL-- SAY HELLO TO ROBIN CRUSOE. POOR ROBIN CRUSOE... WHERE ARE YOU, ROBIN CRUSOE?
RAWK.. POOR ROBIN CRUSOE, CRUSOE!
...AND BROODING, EVER THINKING OF ESCAPE FROM MY PRISON WHOSE ONLY BARS WERE THE SEA.
RAWK.. POOR ROBIN CRUSOE. POOR ROBIN CRUSOE.
I RESOLVED THAT WHEN THE RAINS CEASED..
..I WOULD ATTEMPT A VOYAGE WESTWARD TO THE MAINLAND AFTER CONSTRUCTING SOME SORT OF CANOE.
I SELECTED A MIGHTY TREE, THE FELLING AND TRIMMING OF WHICH CONSUMED A FULL FIVE WEEKS THEN BEGAN THE GRUELLING TASK OF HOLLOWING THE GREAT TRUNK...
...A TASK WHICH TOOK MONTHS OF WORK WITH MALLET, CHISEL AND AXE.
BUT EVERY MOMENT OF THOSE LONG MONTHS WAS FILLED WITH THE BRIGHT HOPE OF ESCAPE AND SALVATION. I COULD DO IT. I KNEW I COULD. IT WOULD.
AT LAST THE GREAT TASK WAS COMPLETED, AND THERE CAME AGAIN THAT MOMENT OF SPECIAL PRIDE WHEN ONE GAZES UPON THE RESULT OF HIS HANDS'S WORK.
THE FINISHED DUGOUT WAS THE LARGEST I HAD EVER SEEN MADE FROM THE TRUNK OF A SINGLE TREE. I WAS WELL PLEASED WITH HER...

BUT NOW I WAS FACED WITH A PROBLEM WHICH, IN ALL MY EXCITEMENT OF THOSE LONG MONTHS, I HAD NEVER ONCE FORESEEN...
HOW WOULD I GET HER TO THE SEA...?
THE CANOE WAS HEAVY... TOO HEAVY TO MOVE...
...AND THOUGH I TRIED EVERY DEVICE I KNEW, UNTIL MY INGENUITY... AS WELL AS MY FLESH... WAS EXHAUSTED...
...THE TASK WAS FAR BEYOND MY STRENGTH...
NO...
NO...
NO...!
AND IN THE END, ALMOST BROKEN, I WAS FORCED TO ABANDON MY EFFORTS...
...LEAVING THE CANOE TO ROT WHERE SHE LAY NO MORE THAN A HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE SEA...


FOR A LONG TIME AFTER MY FAILURE, I PUT ALL THOUGHT OF ESCAPE FROM MY MIND... AND NUMB IN THOUGHT, I MOVED THROUGH MY MEAGER AND SOLITARY ROUTINES...
HARVESTING THE CORN I HAD PLANTED.

...FORMING POTS AND OTHER VESSELS FROM CLAY...

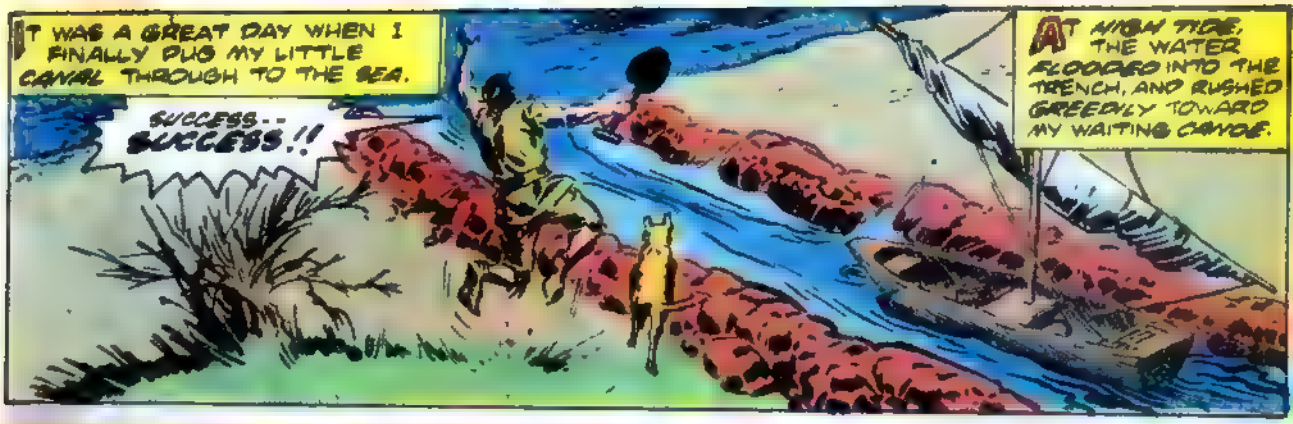
...TENDING MY NOW SIZEABLE FLOCK OF TAMED GOATS...


...AND, WHEN MY CLOTHING WAS TATTERED BEYOND REPAIR, MAKING NEW GARMENTS FROM THE SKINS OF GOATS.

FOR A LONG TIME I WAS A MAN COMPLETELY BROKEN IN SPIRIT... AND I WAS NOW QUITE RESIGNED TO REMAINING ON THE ISLAND...

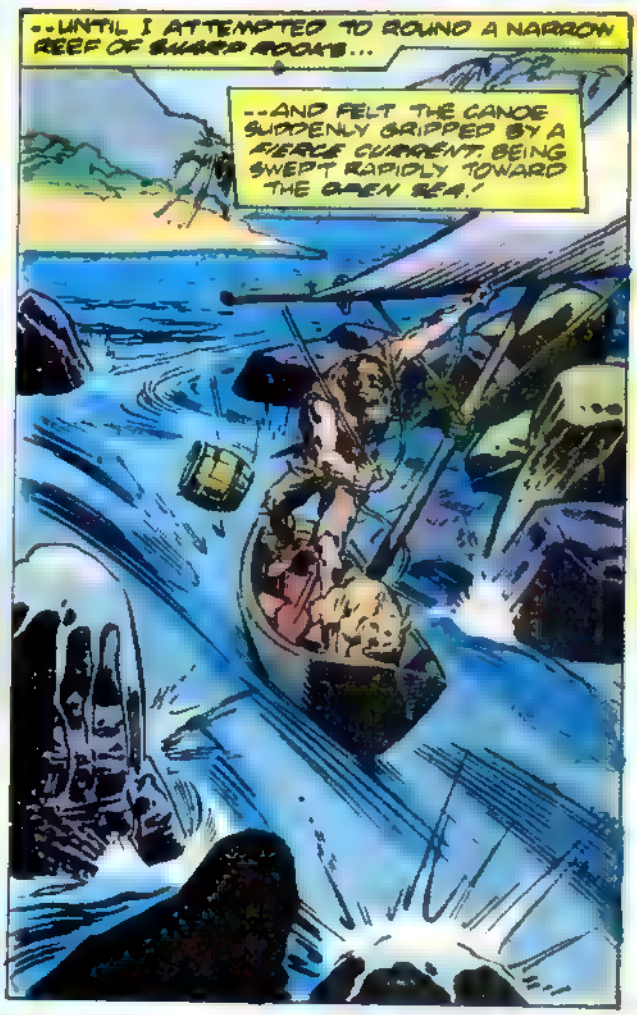
AS THE SEASONS WENT BY HOWEVER, I WAS AGAIN FILLED WITH THE OLD LONGING. THIS TIME, MY CANOE WOULD BE MUCH SMALLER...
THE ONLY SUITABLE TREE WAS SOMEWHAT LARGER THAN DESIRED, AND SITUATED A LONG WAY FROM THE BEACH... BUT I HAD STUDIED THE LAY OF THE LAND MOST CAREFULLY...

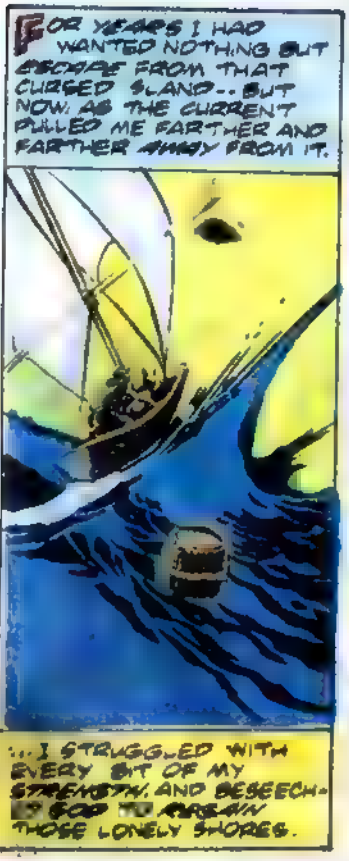
...AND HAD WORKED OUT A METHOD FOR LAUNCHING THE CANOE WHEN SHE WAS COMPLETED.


IT WAS A GREAT DAY WHEN I FINALLY DUG MY LITTLE CANAL THROUGH TO THE SEA.
SUCCESS--SUCCESS!!
AT HIGH TIDE, THE WATER FLOODED INTO THE TRENCH, AND RUSHED GREEDILY TOWARD MY WAITING CANOE.

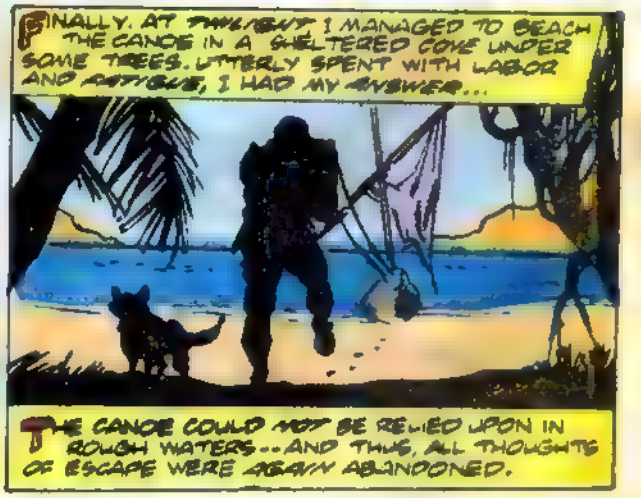
TO TEST HER SAILING POWERS, I DECIDED TO MAKE A CRUISE AROUND THE COAST OF THE ISLAND, LADEN WITH ALL THE STORES REQUIRED FOR MY MAIDEN VOYAGE...

I BEGAN IN FINE STYLE WITH A PLEASANT FOLLOWING BREEZE, AND THE LITTLE CRAFT SPED SPRIGHTLY ON HER WAY...
AND ALL CONTINUED TO GO WELL--

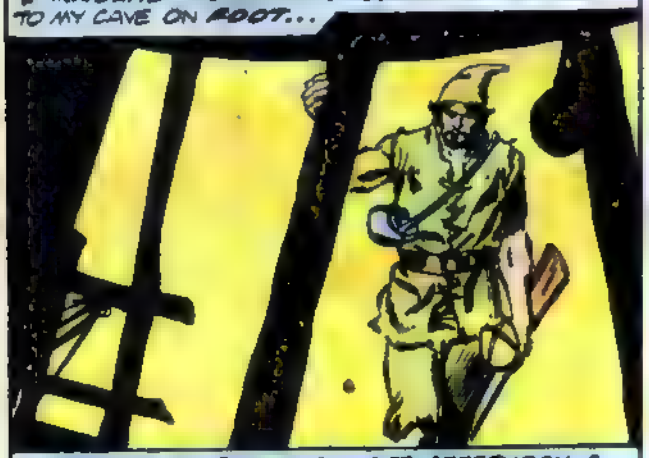

--UNTIL I ATTEMPTED TO ROUND A NARROW REEF OF GUARD ROCKS...
--AND FELT THE CANOE SUDDENLY GRIPPED BY A FIERCE CURRENT, BEING SWEPT RAPIDLY TOWARD THE OPEN SEA!


FOR YEARS I HAD WANTED NOTHING BUT ESCAPE FROM THAT CURSED ISLAND--BUT NOW, AS THE CURRENT PULLED ME FARTHER AND FARTHER AWAY FROM IT,
...I STRUGGLED WITH EVERY BIT OF MY STRENGTH, AND BESEECHED GOD TO SPARE ME THOSE LONELY SHORES.

ALL THROUGH THAT DAY I STRUGGLED, COURTING DISASTER A DOZEN TIMES AS THE SMALL BOAT THREATENED TO CAPSIZE IN THE CHOPPY WATERS...

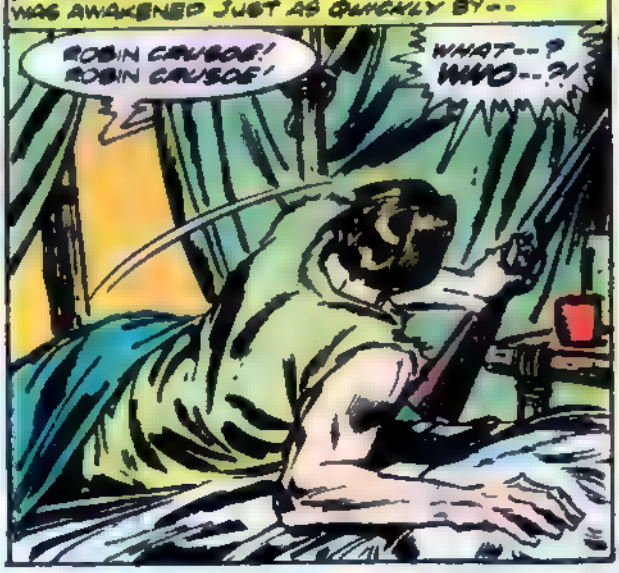

FINALLY, AT TWILIGHT I MANAGED TO BEACH THE CANOE IN A SHELTERED COVE UNDER SOME TREES. UTTERLY SPENT WITH LABOR AND FATIGUE, I HAD MY ANSWER...
THE CANOE COULD NOT BE RELIED UPON IN ROUGH WATERS--AND THUS, ALL THOUGHTS OF ESCAPE WERE AGAIN ABANDONED.

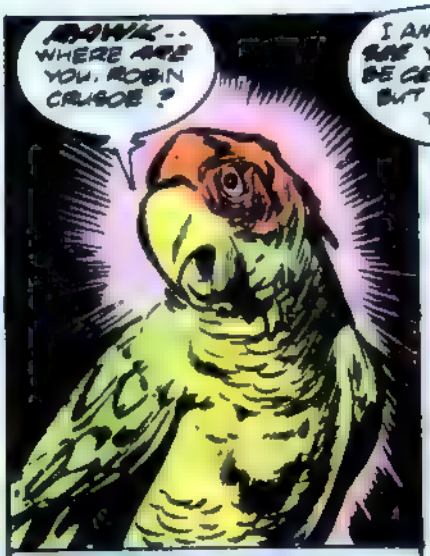
THE NEXT DAY GIVING UP ALL HOPE OF SAILING AROUND THE ISLAND, I DECIDED TO RETURN TO MY CAVE ON FOOT...



...REACHING MY BOWER BY LATE AFTERNOON. I HAD JUST COMPLETED A LONG AND TIRING MARCH, AND SO ELECTED TO SPEND THE NIGHT IN MY TENT, TAKING UP THE JOURNEY ON THE MORROW.

FEELING SECURE AGAINST ATTACK BY MAN OR BEAST, I FELL ASLEEP INSTANTLY... AND WAS AWAKENED JUST AS QUICKLY BY--

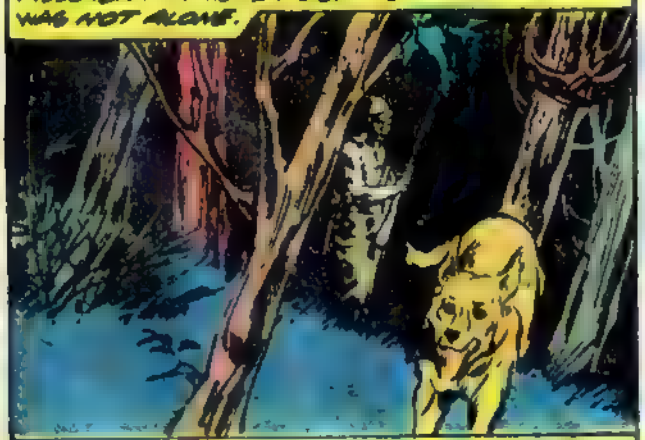




THE BIRD HAD SOMEHOW ESCAPED HIS CAGE BACK AT THE CAVE.

I AM GLAD TO SEE YOU POLL, TO BE CERTAIN-- BUT I WARN YOU...
DON'T EVER FRIGHTEN ME LIKE THAT AGAIN... OR FILL ME WITH SUCH UNFULFILLED HOPES EITHER.

BUT ALTHOUGH THE VOICE OF A MAN CAN BE IMITATED BY A PARROT, I WAS SOON TO DISCOVER FAR MORE POSITIVE PROOF THAT I WAS NOT ALONE.

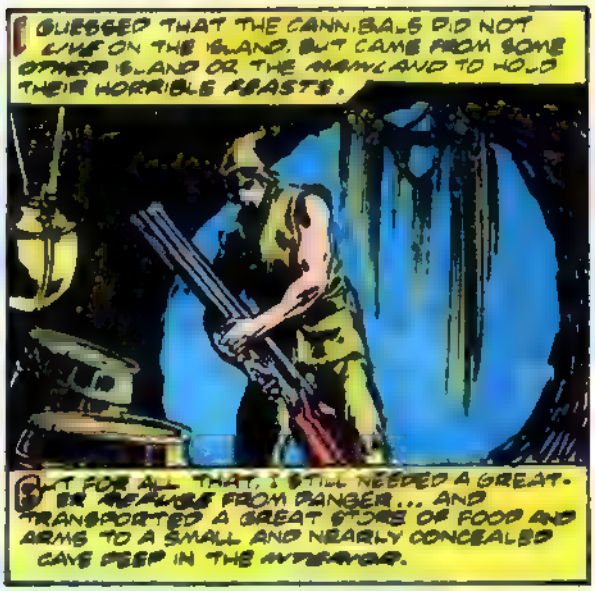


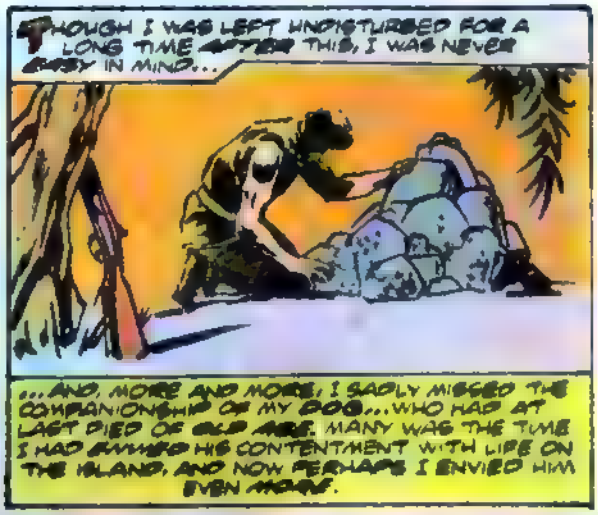
IT HAPPENED SEVERAL MONTHS LATER AS I MADE MY WAY TO THE COVE, PLANNING TO TAKE THE CANOE FOR A SHORT CRUISE ALONG THE COAST...

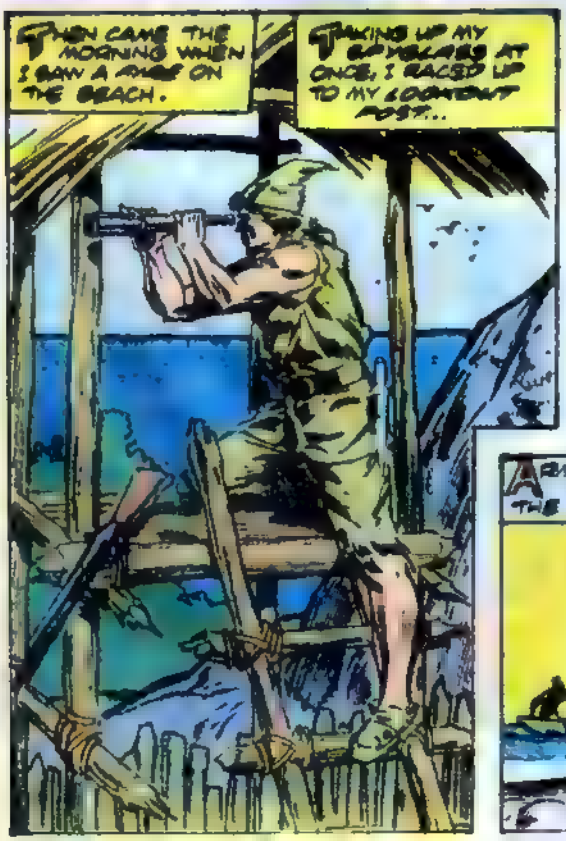
THERE, CLEARLY OUTLINED IN THE SAND BETWEEN TWO ROCKS, WAS--

THE PRINT OF A MAN'S... NAKED FOOT...!
IT WAS TOO BIG...
--TO BE MINE.
NOW IN CONSTANT FEAR OF ATTACK BY SAVAGES I LOST NO TIME IN STRENGTHENING MY STOCKADE...
...CHISELLING HOLES AT INTERVALS IN THE STAKES-- THROUGH WHICH MY MUSKETS COULD ALL BE FIRED WITHIN SECONDS.
IT THEN OCCURRED TO ME THAT THE SIGHT OF TAMED GOATS GRAZING NEAR MY CAVE MIGHT BETRAY THE RETREAT...
...SO I DROVE THEM INTO THE MEADOW I HAD LONG AGO REALIZED ENSURING MY SAFETY... AND A MUCH LONGER WALK FOR MY DAILY MILK AND CHEESE.
MONTHS PASSED WITHOUT MISHAP BEFORE I FINALLY PERSUADED MYSELF THAT I WAS NO LONGER IN DANGER.
THEN, REACHING THE BEACH ON THE ISLAND'S WEST SIDE, MY OLD FEARS CAME CRASHING BACK IN A MOMENT OF SUPREME HORROR...

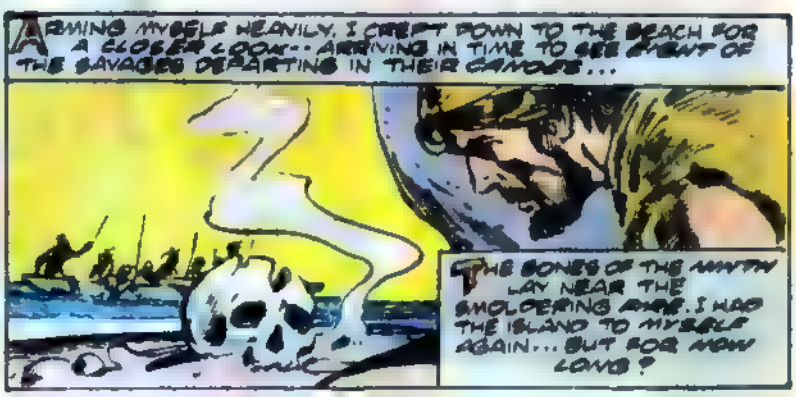
THE DISCOVERY WAS A GRUESOME ONE: HUMAN BONES SCATTERED IN THE SAND NEAR THE ASHES OF A RECENT FIRE...
THEN...
...THIS ISLAND IS THE HAUNT OF... CANNIBALS!

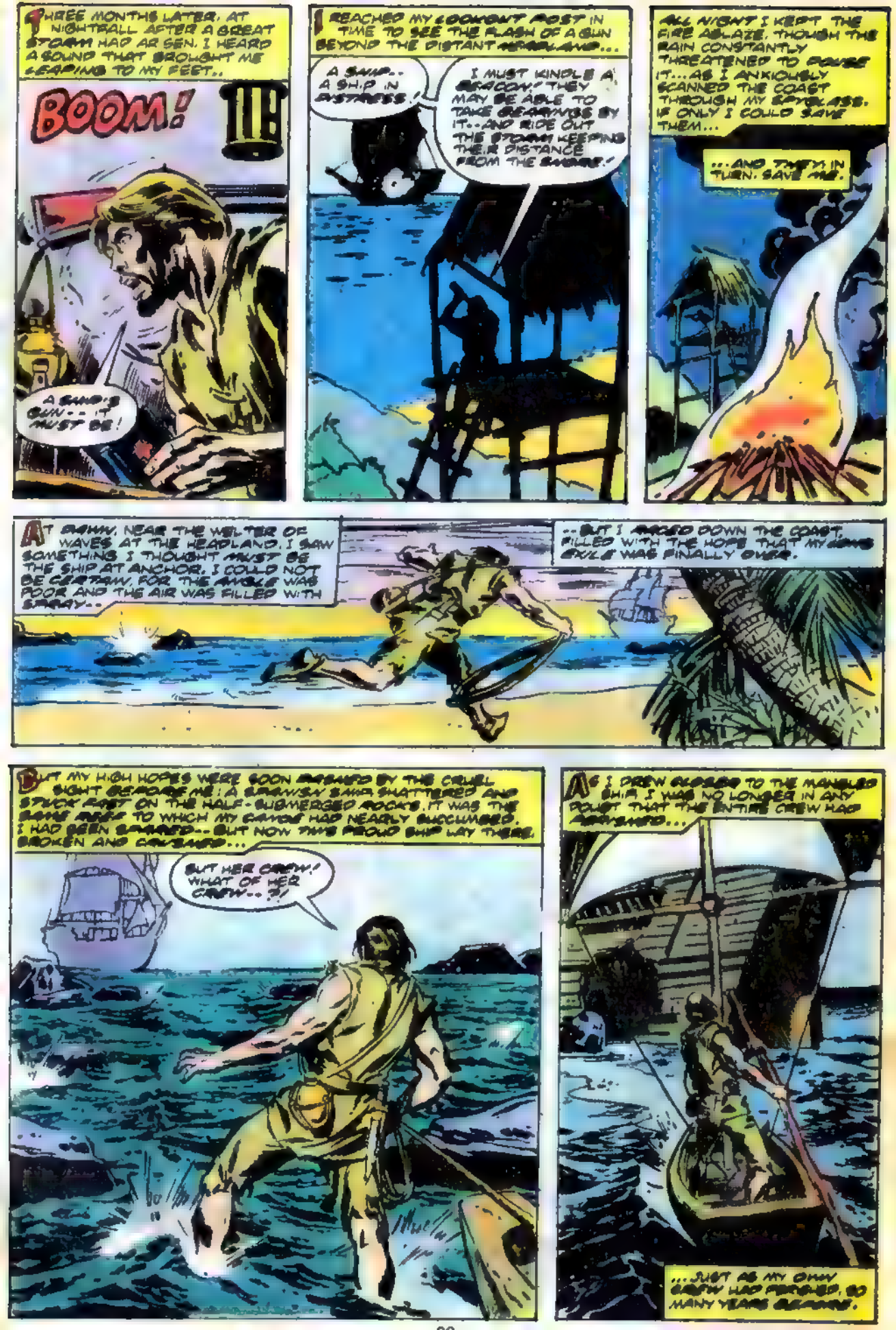

I GUESSED THAT THE CANNIBALS DID NOT LIVE ON THE ISLAND, BUT CAME FROM SOME OTHER ISLAND OR THE MAINLAND TO HOLD THEIR HORRIBLE FEASTS.
BUT FOR ALL THAT, I STILL NEEDED A GREATER MEASURE FROM DANGER... AND TRANSPORTED A GREAT STORE OF FOOD AND ARMS TO A SMALL AND NEARLY CONCEALED CAVE DEEP IN THE INTERIOR.


THOUGH I WAS LEFT UNDISTURBED FOR A LONG TIME AFTER THIS, I WAS NEVER EASY IN MIND...
...AND, MORE AND MORE, I SADLY MISSED THE COMPANIONSHIP OF MY DOG... WHO HAD AT LAST DIED OF OLD AGE. MANY WAS THE TIME I HAD ENVIED HIS CONTENTMENT WITH LIFE ON THE ISLAND, AND NOW PERHAPS I ENVIED HIM EVEN MORE.

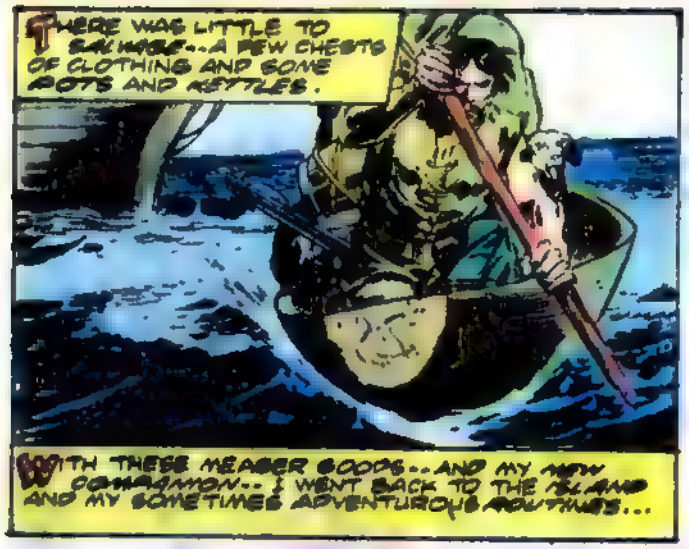

THEN CAME THE MORNING WHEN I SAW A FIRE ON THE BEACH.
TAKING UP MY SPYGLASS AT ONCE, I RACED UP TO MY LOOKOUT POST...

AS MY SPYGLASS FOCUSED ON THE DISTANT BEACH, I WAS GRIPPED IN THE CHILL OF TERROR. HERE WAS THE SIGHT I HAD SO LONG DREADED...
NINE FEARSOME SAVAGES ENGAGED IN SOME WEIRD AND DEVILISH DANCE AROUND THE FIRE!


ARMING MYSELF HEAVILY, I CREPT DOWN TO THE BEACH FOR A CLOSER LOOK-- ARRIVING IN TIME TO SEE THE LAST OF THE SAVAGES DEPARTING IN THEIR CANOES...
THE BONES OF THE NINTH LAY NEAR THE SMOLDERING FIRE. I HAD THE ISLAND TO MYSELF AGAIN... BUT FOR HOW LONG?


THREE MONTHS LATER, AT NIGHTFALL AFTER A GREAT STORM HAD ARISEN, I HEARD A SOUND THAT BROUGHT ME LEAPING TO MY FEET..
BOOM!
A SHIP'S GUN--IT MUST BE!
I REACHED MY LOOKOUT POST IN TIME TO SEE THE FLASH OF A GUN BEYOND THE DISTANT HEADLAND...
A SHIP.. A SHIP IN DISTRESS!
I MUST KINDLE A BEACON! THEY MAY BE ABLE TO TAKE BEARINGS BY IT..AND RIDE OUT THE STORM KEEPING THEIR DISTANCE FROM THE SHORE!
ALL NIGHT I KEPT THE FIRE ABLAZE, THOUGH THE RAIN CONSTANTLY THREATENED TO DOUSE IT...AS I ANXIOUSLY SCANNED THE COAST THROUGH MY SPYGLASS. IF ONLY I COULD SAVE THEM...
...AND THEY, IN TURN, SAVE ME.
AT DAWN, NEAR THE WELTER OF WAVES AT THE HEADLAND, I SAW SOMETHING I THOUGHT MUST BE THE SHIP AT ANCHOR. I COULD NOT BE CERTAIN, FOR THE ANGLE WAS POOR AND THE AIR WAS FILLED WITH SPRAY..
...BUT I AROSE DOWN THE COAST, FILLED WITH THE HOPE THAT MY LONG EXILE WAS FINALLY OVER.
BUT MY HIGH HOPES WERE SOON DASHED BY THE CRUEL SIGHT BEFORE ME: A SPANISH SHIP, SHATTERED AND STUCK FAST ON THE HALF-SUBMERGED ROCKS. IT WAS THE SAME REEF TO WHICH MY CANOE HAD NEARLY SUCCUMBED. I HAD BEEN SPARED--BUT NOW THIS PROUD SHIP LAY THERE, BROKEN AND CAPSIZED...
BUT HER CREW! WHAT OF HER CREW..?!
AS I DREW CLOSER TO THE MANGLED SHIP, I WAS NO LONGER IN ANY DOUBT THAT THE ENTIRE CREW HAD PERISHED...
...JUST AS MY OWN CREW HAD PERISHED, SO MANY YEARS BEFORE.

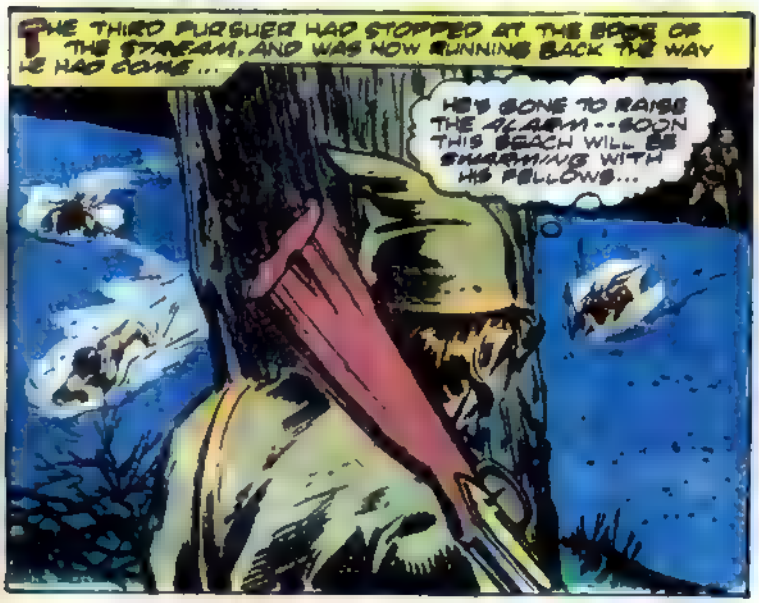
I WAS CLOSING IN ON THE WRECK WHEN A DOG SUDDENLY APPEARED ON THE SPLINTERED PLANKING OF THE DECK. SEEING MY APPROACH, THE POOR ANIMAL WENT HALF-MAD WITH EXCITEMENT, FRANTICALLY BARKING AND WHINING IN TURN...
WELL, LAD, AT LEAST YOU SURVIVED--AND A PLEASANT SIGHT YOU ARE FOR THESE LONELY EYES--
RARF! RARF!
COME ON, LAD--JUMP! YOU CAN DO IT-- JUMP!
THE PITEOUS THING WAS ALMOST DEAD WITH STARVATION AND THIRST. I FED IT CAREFULLY...
THAT'S ENOUGH, LAD--TOO MUCH WATER NOW WOULD DO YOU MORE HARM THAN GOOD.
BUT FEAR NOT--YOUR NEW MASTER WILL TAKE EXCELLENT CARE OF YOU.
STAY THERE IN ATTENCE NOW, LAD. THERE IS LITTLE OF THIS WRETCHED SHIP LEFT--IT'LL NOT TAKE LONG TO EXPLORE...
ON HER DECKS, A FEARFUL SCENE OF HAVOC AND DESTRUCTION MET MY GAZE. ALL AROUND LAY LOOSE CORDAGE, BROKEN SPARS AND TATTERED SHREDS OF CANVAS...
I PICKED MY WAY ACROSS THE LITTER TO THE FO'C'STLE HATCH...
AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STEPS I FOUND THE BODIES OF SEVERAL SEAMEN WHO MUST HAVE BEEN HURLED DOWN AND STUNNED WHEN THE SHIP HIT THE ROCKS.
DROWNED--IN LESS THAN A FOOT OF WATER!
'DROWNED JUST AS SURELY AS IF THEY'D BEEN CAST TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA'!


There was little to salvage...a few chests of clothing and some pots and kettles.
With these meager goods...and my new companion...I went back to the island and my sometimes adventurous routines...

I sighted the canoes on a Friday morning five weeks later.

In a short time four savages burst into view...
...the first, a tall man, fleeing the three others.

The man obviously did not wish to be eaten...
...nor did I blame him for I had often imagined myself in his plight, and so, I decided that if the opportunity presented itself, I would try to save him.


The third pursuer had stopped at the edge of the stream, and was now running back the way he had come...
He's gone to raise the alarm...soon this beach will be swarming with his fellows...

...but at least it leaves only two of them to immediately deal with.
I allowed the first man to dart safely past me...

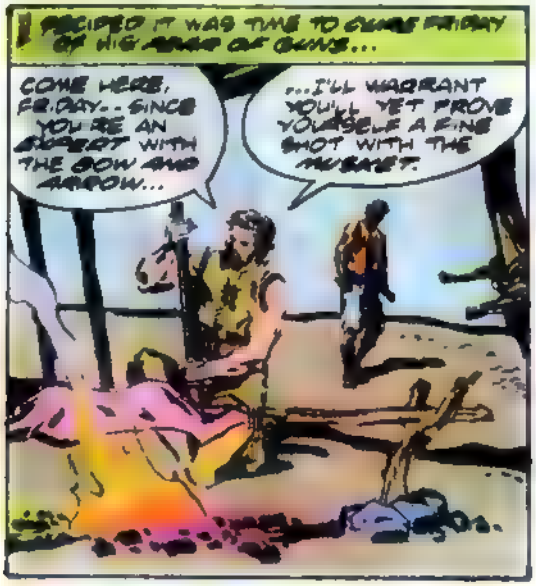
...AND THEN, THE OPPORTUNITY PRESENTED ITSELF.
KRUNK!
BLAM!
THE FELLOW I HAD RESCUED WAS QUITE HANDSOME, AND WITH THE BUILD OF AN ATHLETE--BUT NOW, IN A MIXTURE OF AWE AND GRATITUDE HE FLUNG HIMSELF TO THE GROUND BEFORE ME AND PLACED MY FOOT OVER HIS HEAD...
WHAT IS THIS..? YOU HAVE CHOSEN ME TO BE YOUR MASTER...?
STAND UP SO I CAN BETTER SEE YOU, MY FRIEND, FOR IT IS TIME TO GIVE YOU A NAME.
...AND YOUR NAME SHALL BE FRIDAY--SINCE IT IS ON A FRIDAY THAT I HAVE SAVED YOUR LIFE AND MADE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE
AFTER HIDING THE BODIES OF THE TWO DEAD SAVAGES, I EMPLOYED SIGNS TO MAKE FRIDAY UNDERSTAND THAT WE MUST FLEE TO MY CAVE IN THE WOODS...
SO YOU LIKE MY FOOD, DO YOU? AND SMALL WONDER YOU'RE SO GRATEFUL--
--SINCE YOU CAME TO THIS ISLAND EXPECTING NOT TO EAT BUT RATHER TO BE EATEN.
I SLEPT WELL THAT NIGHT, THANKING GOD IN MY DREAMS FOR THE COMPANION SHIP HE HAD DELIVERED UNTO ME.
IN THE MORNING FRIDAY AND I VENTURED CAUTIOUSLY FROM THE CAVE--AND FOUND THE LAUNCHING MARKS OF THE CANOES CLEARLY IMPRESSED IN THE SAND...
WELL, FRIDAY--APPEARS THEY HAVE DEPARTED AND SO WE ARE SAFE.. FOR A TIME.

THEN FRIDAY TO MY HOME IN THE CLEAR, TEACHING HIM-- THROUGH THE SLOW PROCESS OF BABBLE.. TO AID ME IN MY VARIOUS ROUTINE
THEN, ON HIS FIRST GOAT HUNT..
BLAM!

AAIIEEE!!
WHAT IN THE--? FRIDAY-- WHAT'S WRONG?!
IT WAS SEVERAL MOMENTS BEFORE I REALIZED THE REASON FOR FRIDAY'S ANTICS...

THE POOR FELLOW THOUGHT HE HAD BEEN SHOT, PERHAPS BELIEVING THE GUN TO BE A MAGIC THING USED ONLY TO KILL MEN...
NO, FRIDAY. I DIDN'T SHOOT YOU. LOOK-- SEE THE GOAT? I SHOT THE GOAT, FRIDAY.
BUT IT TOOK A LONG WHILE BEFORE FRIDAY WOULD BELIEVE HE WAS UNHARMED..

...AND ALL THE WAY BACK TO THE STOCKADE HE MARCHED SEVERAL PACES BEHIND ME KEEPING A WARY EYE ON THE MUSKET. SEVERAL TIMES HE CALLED OUT TO IT IN HIS NATIVE TONGUE APPARENTLY PLEADING FOR HIS LIFE TO THE THING ...
COME ALONG, FRIDAY--IT WON'T HURT YOU.

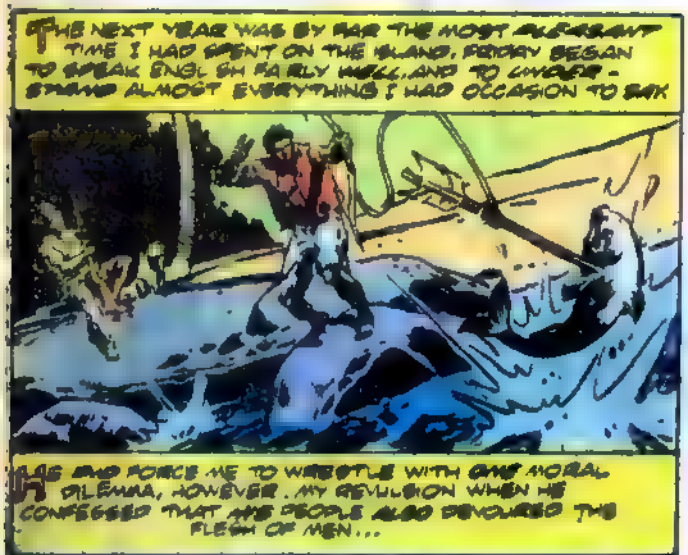

I DECIDED IT WAS TIME TO CLEAR FRIDAY OF HIS ABUSE OF GUNS...
COME HERE, FRIDAY.. SINCE YOU'RE AN EXPERT WITH THE BOW AND ARROW...
...I'LL WAGER YOU'LL YET PROVE YOURSELF A FINE SHOT WITH THE MUSKET.

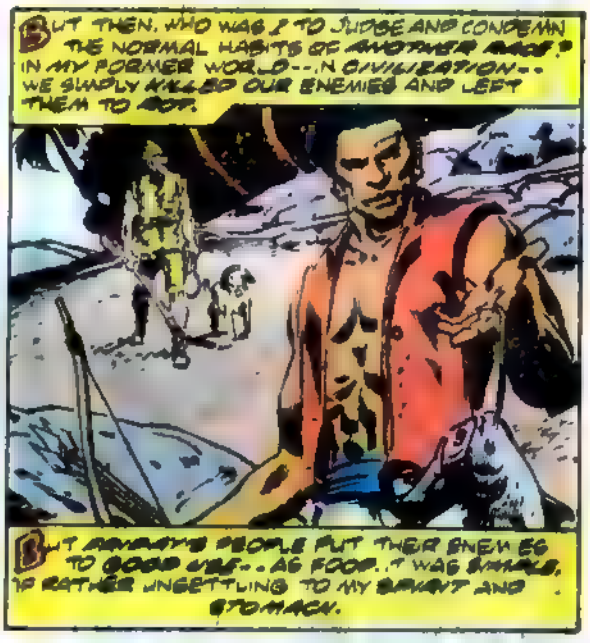
HE WAS TERRIFIED AT FIRST, AND REPEATED OVER AND OVER ONE OF THE FEW WORDS OF ENGLISH HE HAD SO FAR LEARNED...
NO! NO! NO!
EASY, FRIDAY, IT WON'T HURT YOU IF YOU HANDLE IT PROPERLY. JUST AIM IT AT THE JAWS... AND PULL THE TRIGGER HERE...

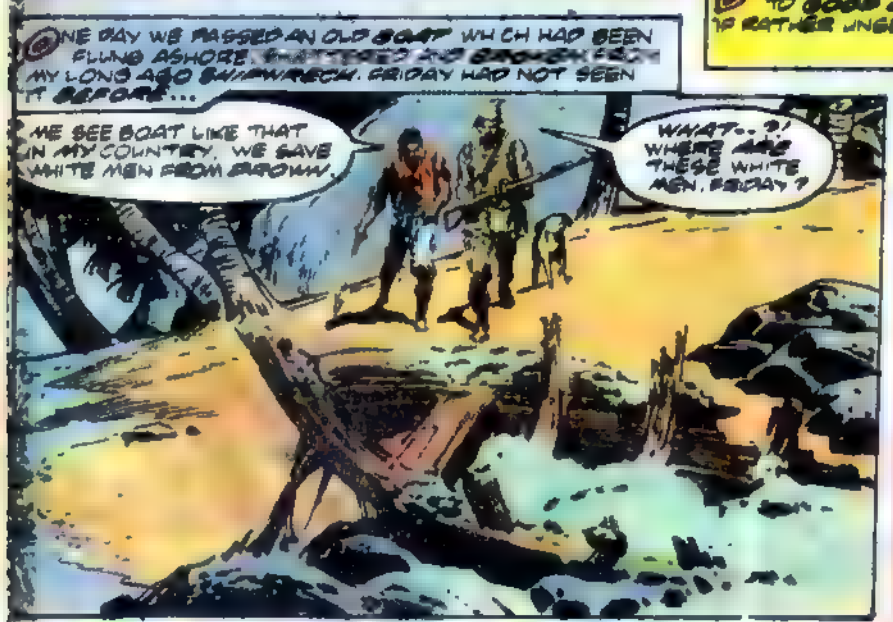
BUT FINALLY, AFTER A GREAT DEAL OF COAXING AND REASSURANCE...
BLAM!
RAAF
YIPE!

GOOD SHOT, FRIDAY!

GUD.. SHOT... BOY... ARE...?
FROM THAT TIME ON, FRIDAY'S ONLY FEAR OF GUNS WAS A RATIONAL AND NORMAL ONE. I WAS NOW CONFIDENT THAT, IF THE CANNIBALS EVER RETURNED, WE COULD FIGHT THEM OFF TOGETHER.


THE NEXT YEAR WAS BY FAR THE MOST PLEASANT TIME I HAD SPENT ON THE ISLAND. FRIDAY BEGAN TO SPEAK ENGLISH FAIRLY WELL, AND TO UNDERSTAND ALMOST EVERYTHING I HAD OCCASION TO ASK
AGE AND FORCE ME TO WRESTLE WITH SOME MORAL DILEMMA, HOWEVER. MY REVULSION WHEN HE CONFESSED THAT HIS PEOPLE ALSO DEVOURED THE FLESH OF MEN...


BUT THEN, WHO WAS I TO JUDGE AND CONDEMN THE NORMAL HABITS OF ANOTHER RACE? IN MY FORMER WORLD--IN CIVILIZATION-- WE SIMPLY KILLED OUR ENEMIES AND LEFT THEM TO ROT.
BUT AWAAY'S PEOPLE PUT THEIR ENEMIES TO GOOD USE.. AS FOOD. IT WAS SIMPLE, IF RATHER UNSETTLING TO MY BELIEFS AND STOMACH.


ONE DAY WE PASSED AN OLD BOAT WHICH HAD BEEN FLUNG ASHORE, SHATTERED AND BROKEN FROM MY LONG AGO SHIPWRECK. FRIDAY HAD NOT SEEN IT BEFORE...
ME SEE BOAT LIKE THAT IN MY COUNTRY. WE SAVE WHITE MEN FROM BROWN.
WHAT..?! WHERE ARE THESE WHITE MEN, FRIDAY?

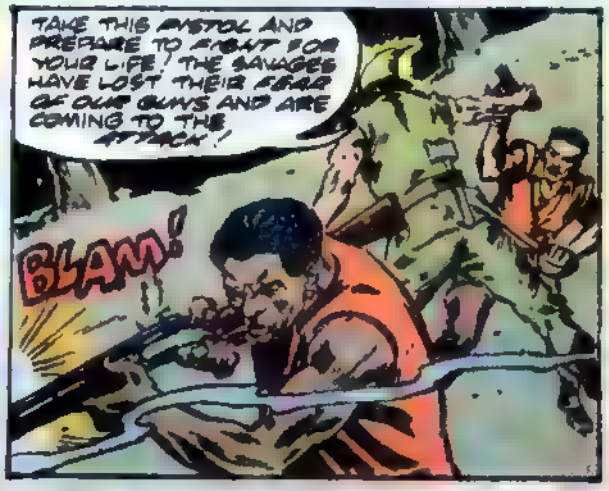
THEY LIVING WITH MY PEOPLE, CRUSOE.

COME ON, FRIDAY.. IT'S TIME I LEARNED EXACTLY WHERE YOUR PEOPLE ARE!
IT WAS A CLEAR DAY WITH PERFECT VISIBILITY. I LED FRIDAY TO THE TOP OF MY COCONUT POST...
THERE MY COUNTRY, CRUSOE! THERE!
THEN IT'S NOT MERELY ANOTHER ISLAND..
FRIDAY, WE ARE GOING TO BUILD A VERY LARGE CANOE...
...AND WE ARE GOING TO SAIL TO YOUR COUNTRY.
THERE WERE TWO OF US NOW...
...AND THE WORK THOUGH STILL SLOW AND ARDUOUS REQUIRED BUT HALF THE PREVIOUS TIME...
...AND BEST OF ALL, OUR COMBINED STRENGTH WAS NOW EQUAL TO THE TASK OF LAUNCHING THE HEAVY BOAT.
FASTEN THE RUDDER INTO PLACE, FRIDAY.
RUDDER... CRUSOE?
NEVER MIND, FRIDAY.. I'LL DO IT.

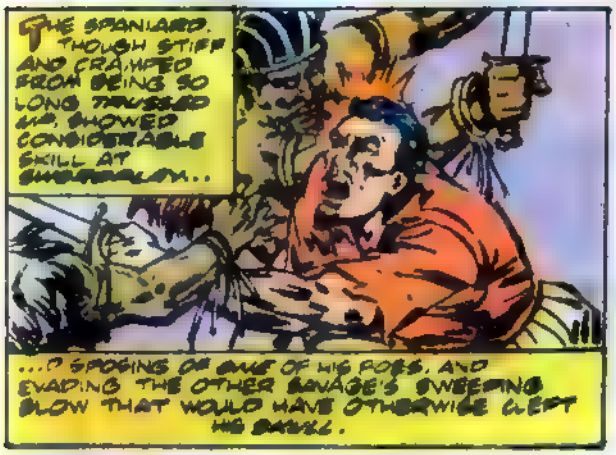
THE CANOE WAS NEARLY FINISHED. BUT ONE DAY WHEN FRIDAY HAD BEEN WORKING ON SOME OF THE ZANZAMAS TOUCANS...
QUICK, CRUSOE! YONDER THREE CANOES COME! SAVAGES BACK ON ISLAND CRUSOE! THEY COME EAT ME!
AYE--AND ME AS WELL, IF THEY COULD. BUT LET'S SEE IF OUR GUNS CAN'T PUT THEM TO FLIGHT...
THEN...WE GO ATTACK THEM, CRUSOE? THEY MANY--WE ONLY TWO MUSKETS.
TWO FRIENDS WITH MANY GUNS, FRIDAY. NOW HURRY AND HELP ME LOAD THEM!
ARMED WITH EVERYTHING WE COULD CARRY, WE RACED THROUGH THE WOODS UNTIL WE REACHED THE BEACH--AND THERE, NOT A PISTOL'S SHOT DISTANT, SQUATTED THE CANNIBALS...
I STIFLED A GASP, THEN, AS I CAUGHT SIGHT OF A MUSKET PROPPED AGAINST A NEARBY CANOE.
THERE WAS NO TIME FOR UNDERSTANDING THE NATURAL HABITS OF ANOTHER RACE NOW. THE MAN WAS WHITE--A CASTAWAY, I THOUGHT--AND HE NEITHER GUARDED NOR PRACTICED THE CANNIBAL'S HABITS...
...AND THUS DID NOT DESERVE TO ENDURE THOSE HABITS PRACTICED ON HIM.
MASTER, WE KNOW THIS WHITE MAN--HE ONE MY PEOPLE RESCUE FROM BOAT. LIKE I TELL YOU, NOW THESE BAD MEN--ENEMIES MY TRIBE! BRING HIM HERE. EAT HIM.
YES, WE MUST RESCUE HIM, FRIDAY...
...NOW!
BLAM!

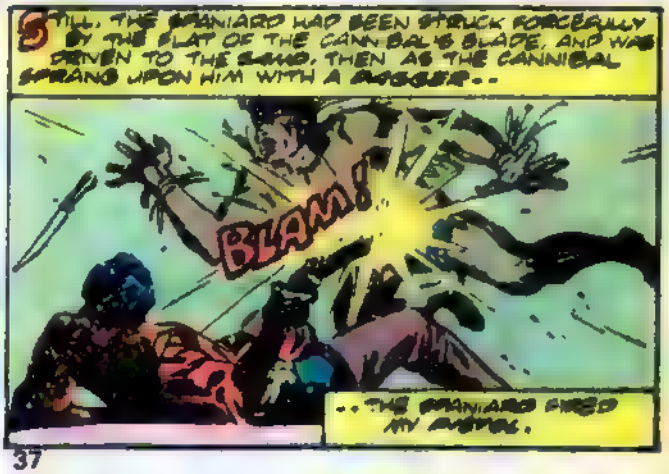
THE EFFECT OF OUR MUSKET SHOTS ON THE SAVAGES WAS STARTLING. FILLED WITH SUPERSTITIOUS TERROR, THEY FLED INSTANTLY...
YIIEEEEEYAHH!!
BLAM!
BUT THEN FRIDAY, FILLED WITH THE JOY OF BATTLE, GAVE OUT WITH A SHRIEKING WAR-CRY...

...AND THE SOUND OF HIS VOICE MADE THE CANNIBAL'S PAUSE. THOUGH THEY DREADED THE MUSKETS, A WAR-CRY WAS SOMETHING THEY KNEW AND UNDERSTOOD...
THEY ARE RALLYING, SEÑOR SPANIARD...

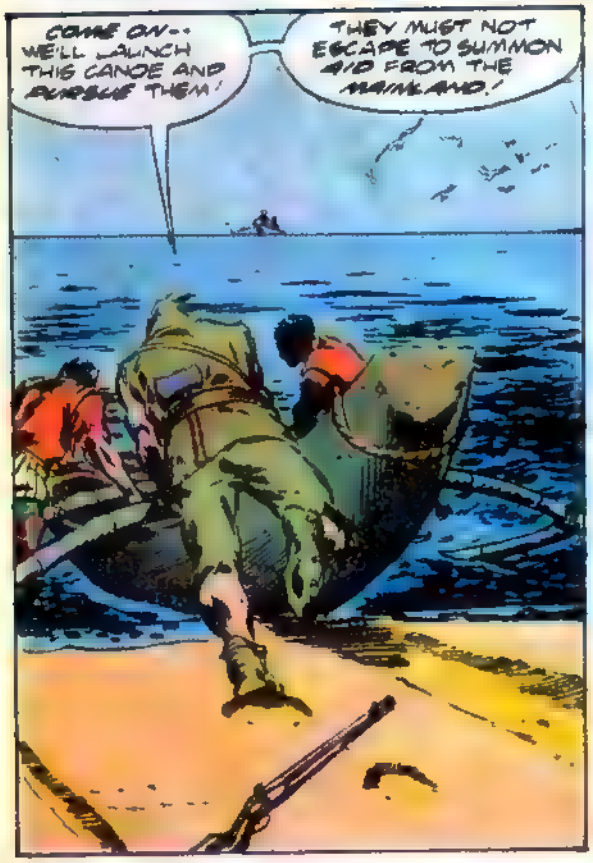

TAKE THIS PISTOL AND PREPARE TO FIGHT FOR YOUR LIFE! THE SAVAGES HAVE LOST THEIR FEAR OF OUR GUNS AND ARE COMING TO THE ATTACK!
BLAM!

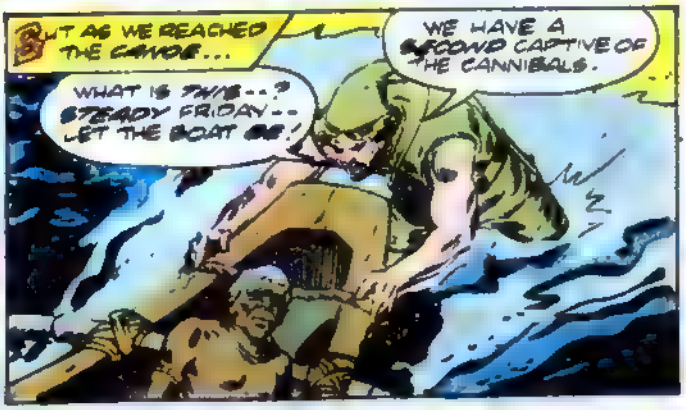
WE FIRE LAST SHOT, CRUSOE--NO MORE LOADED GUNS!
QUICK, SEÑOR--HELP FRIDAY KEEP THEM AT BAY UNTIL I CAN RELOAD!
BLAM

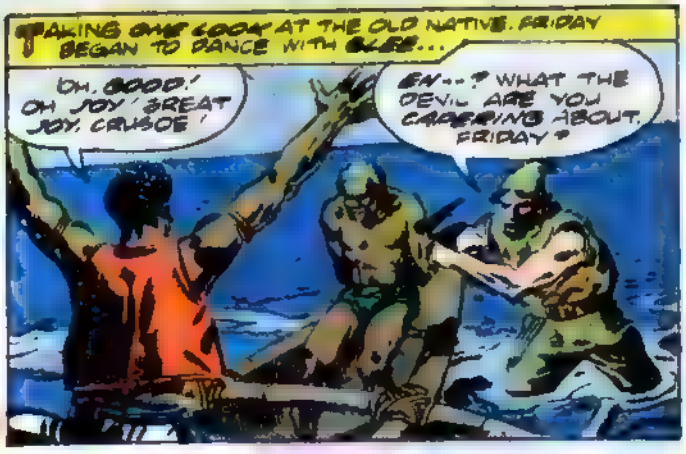

THE SPANIARD, THOUGH STIFF AND CRAMPED FROM BEING SO LONG TRUSSED UP, SHOWED CONSIDERABLE SKILL AT SWORDPLAY...
...? DODGING ONE OF HIS FOES, AND EVADING THE OTHER SAVAGE'S SWEEPING BLOW THAT WOULD HAVE OTHERWISE CLEFT HIS SKULL.

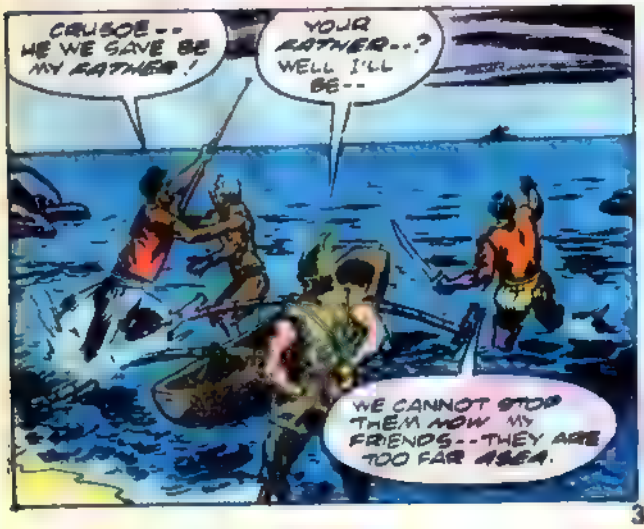

STILL, THE SPANIARD HAD BEEN STRUCK FORCEFULLY BY THE FLAT OF THE CANNIBAL'S BLADE, AND WAS DRIVEN TO THE SAND, THEN AS THE CANNIBAL SPRANG UPON HIM WITH A DAGGER--
BLAM!
...THE SPANIARD FIRED MY MUSKET.

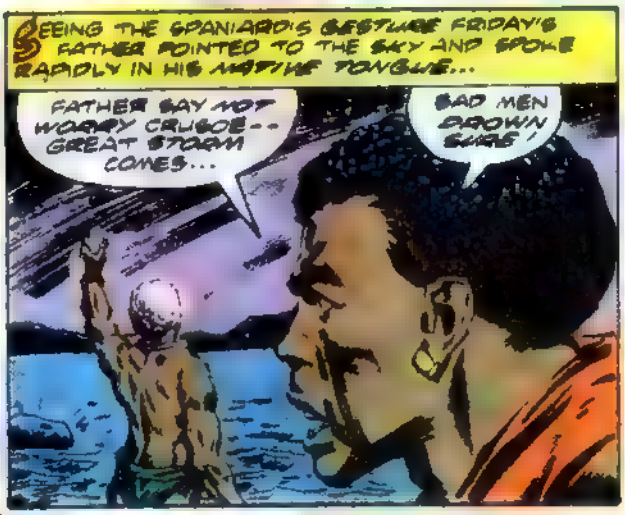
SENSING DEFEAT THE REMAINING SAVAGES NOW FLED IN ONE OF THE CANOES...
STOP THEM.. BEFORE THEY MAKE THEIR ESCAPE!
BLAM
BUT THE WATER WAS TOSSING THE TARGETS, AND FRIDAY'S HATCHET WENT WIDE -- AS DID MY SHOT...

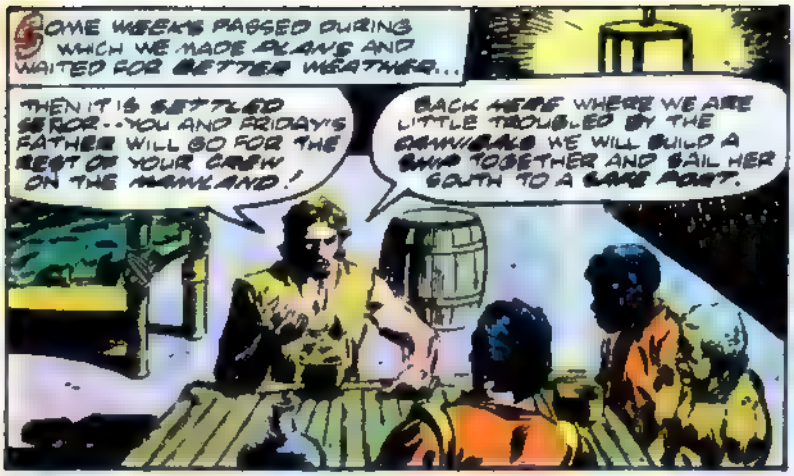

COME ON -- WE'LL LAUNCH THIS CANOE AND PURSUE THEM!
THEY MUST NOT ESCAPE TO SUMMON AID FROM THE MAINLAND!

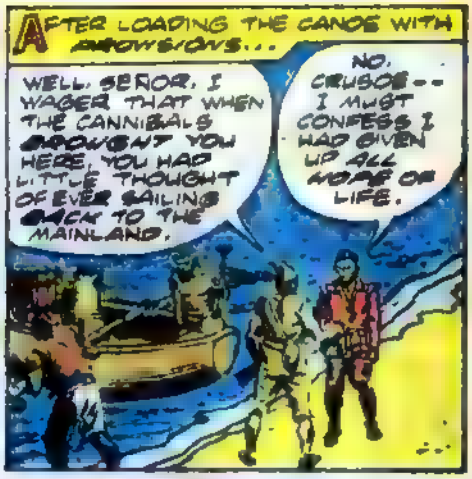

BUT AS WE REACHED THE CANOE...
WE HAVE A SECOND CAPTIVE OF THE CANNIBALS.
WHAT IS THIS..? STEADY FRIDAY -- LET THE BOAT BE!


TAKING ONE LOOK AT THE OLD NATIVE, FRIDAY BEGAN TO DANCE WITH GLEE...
OH, GOOD! OH JOY, GREAT JOY, CRUSOE!
EH..? WHAT THE DEVIL ARE YOU CAPERING ABOUT, FRIDAY?


CRUSOE -- HE WE SAVE BE MY FATHER!
YOUR FATHER..? WELL I'LL BE --
WE CANNOT STOP THEM NOW MY FRIENDS -- THEY ARE TOO FAR AWAY.


SEEING THE SPANIARD'S GESTURE FRIDAY'S FATHER POINTED TO THE SKY AND SPOKE RAPIDLY IN HIS NATIVE TONGUE...
FATHER SAY NOT WORRY CRUSOE -- GREAT STORM COMES...
BAD MEN DROWN SURE!

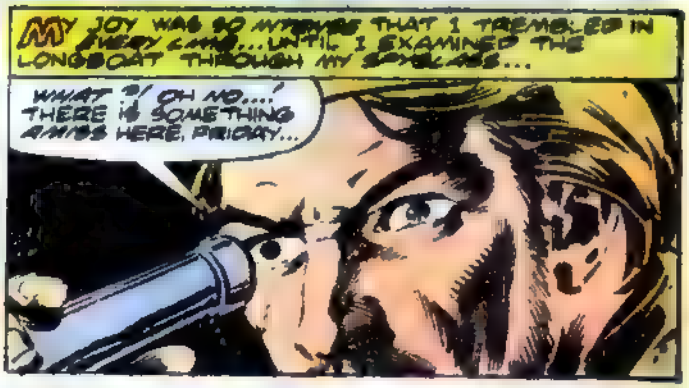

SOME WEEKS PASSED DURING WHICH WE MADE PLANS AND WAITED FOR BETTER WEATHER...
THEN IT IS SETTLED SEÑOR--YOU AND FRIDAY'S FATHER WILL GO FOR THE REST OF YOUR CREW ON THE MAINLAND.
BACK HERE WHERE WE ARE LITTLE TROUBLED BY THE CANNIBALS WE WILL BUILD A SHIP TOGETHER AND SAIL HER SOUTH TO A SAFE PORT.


AFTER LOADING THE CANOE WITH PROVISIONS...
WELL, SEÑOR, I WAGER THAT WHEN THE CANNIBALS BROUGHT YOU HERE, YOU HAD LITTLE THOUGHT OF EVER SAILING BACK TO THE MAINLAND.
NO, CRUSOE--I MUST CONFESS I HAD GIVEN UP ALL HOPE OF LIFE.

A PROSPEROUS VOYAGE TO YOU SEÑOR! FRIDAY AND I SHALL KEEP WATCH FOR CANOES CARRYING YOU AND YOUR MEN BACK TO US!
A THOUSAND THANKS, SEÑOR CRUSOE--MAY WE MEET AGAIN SOON!

FOR SEVERAL DAYS AFTER THEIR DEPARTURE, I THOUGHT OF NOTHING BUT OUR IMMINENT ESCAPE FROM THE ISLAND. BUT THEN, AFTER WEEKS HAD PASSED, I DESPAIRED OF THEM EVER RETURNING... UNTIL--
QUICK, CRUSOE--BOATS COMING! SEE THEM FROM BEACH!

BUT IT WAS NOT THEM...
SHE'S AN ENGLISH SHIP, FRIDAY! AND ONE OF HER BOATS IS ON ITS WAY ASHORE!
NOW WE ARE SAVED INDEED!!

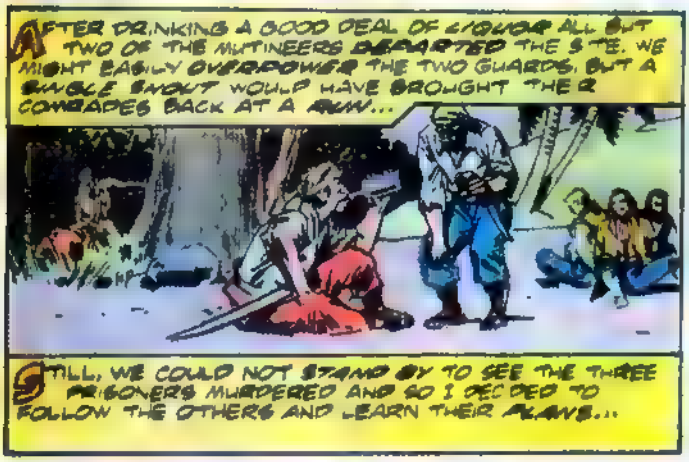

MY JOY WAS SO INTENSE THAT I TREMBLED IN EVERY LIMB... UNTIL I EXAMINED THE LONGBOAT THROUGH MY SPYGLASS...
WHAT?! OH NO.... THERE IS SOMETHING AMISS HERE, FRIDAY...

THERE ARE MEN ABOARD... IN BONDS.

STEP LIVELY THERE, YOU DOGS! IT'S ME AS GIVES THE ORDERS NOW!

CRUSOE-- ENGLISHMANS EAT PRISONERS SAVE LIKE SAVAGE MANS
NO FRIDAY THOSE MUTINEERS WILL NOT EAT THEM... BUT THEY DO MEAN TO MURDER THEM, I FEAR.

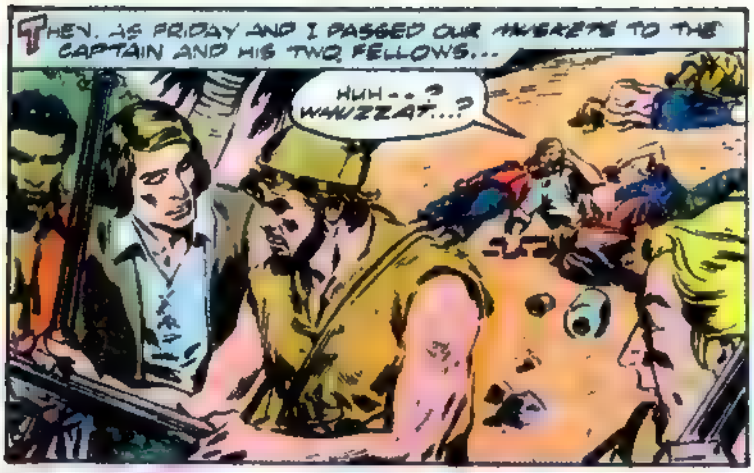
BACK ON THE BEACH, THE MUTINEERS SEEM SURPRISED TO SEE THAT THE TIDE HAD GONE OUT IN THEIR ABSENCE-- LEAVING A BROAD STRETCH OF SAND BETWEEN THEIR LONGBOAT AND THE SEA...
THEY CANNOT LAUNCH HER FRIDAY. NOW THEY'LL HAVE TO REMAIN ON THE ISLAND ALL NIGHT WAITING FOR THE TIDE...
...AND IN THE DARKNESS, WE MAY BE ABLE TO..


AFTER DRINKING A GOOD DEAL OF LIQUOR ALL BUT TWO OF THE MUTINEERS DEPARTED THE SITE. WE MIGHT EASILY OVERPOWER THE TWO GUARDS, BUT A SINGLE SHOUT WOULD HAVE BROUGHT THE REST COMRADES BACK AT A RUN...
STILL, WE COULD NOT STAND BY TO SEE THE THREE PRISONERS MURDERED AND SO I DECIDED TO FOLLOW THE OTHERS AND LEARN THEIR PLANS...

"...SAVE THE PRISONERS."
FILLED WITH THEIR RUM, ONE MUTINEER AFTER ANOTHER DOZED OFF...
SILENCE, LADS... WE'RE SPEAKING.

WHO-- WHO ARE YOU?
JUST A POOR ENGLISH CASTAWAY, MY FRIEND.
WELL, I AM THE CAPTAIN OF YONDER SHIP SIR--

--AND IF WE CAN BUT HAVE HER BACK FROM MY MUTINOUS DOGS OF SAILORS YOU WILL NEVER REGRET THIS NIGHT'S WORK.


THEN, AS FRIDAY AND I PASSED OUR MUSKETS TO THE CAPTAIN AND HIS TWO FELLOWS...
HUH--? WAWZZAT...?

UP--ALL OF YOU!! THE DOGS ARE FREE!!

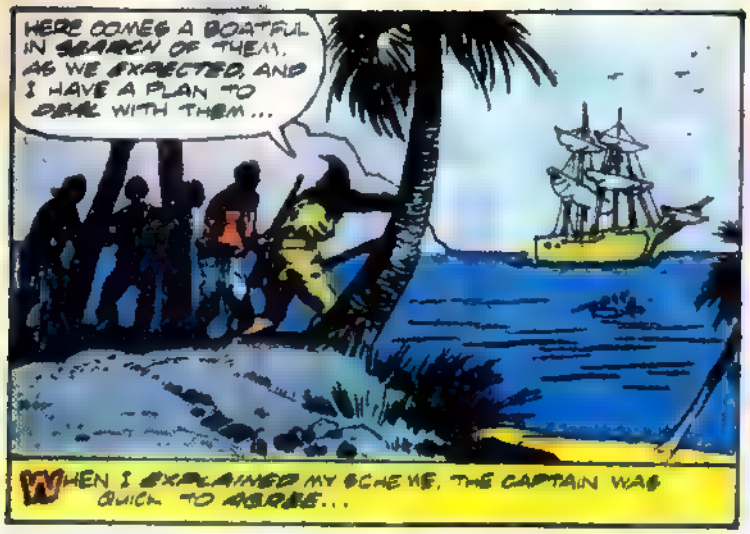
FIRE, LADS NOW!!
BLAM!
BLAM
BLAM

LEVELING HIS PISTOL AT THE CAPTAIN'S HEART, THE MUTINEER LEADER CHARGED FORWARD--BUT AT THE LAST INSTANT THE CAPTAIN REVERSED HIS MUSKET AND BROUGHT THE STOCK DOWN LIKE A SLEDGEHAMMER ON THE VILLAIN'S HEAD.

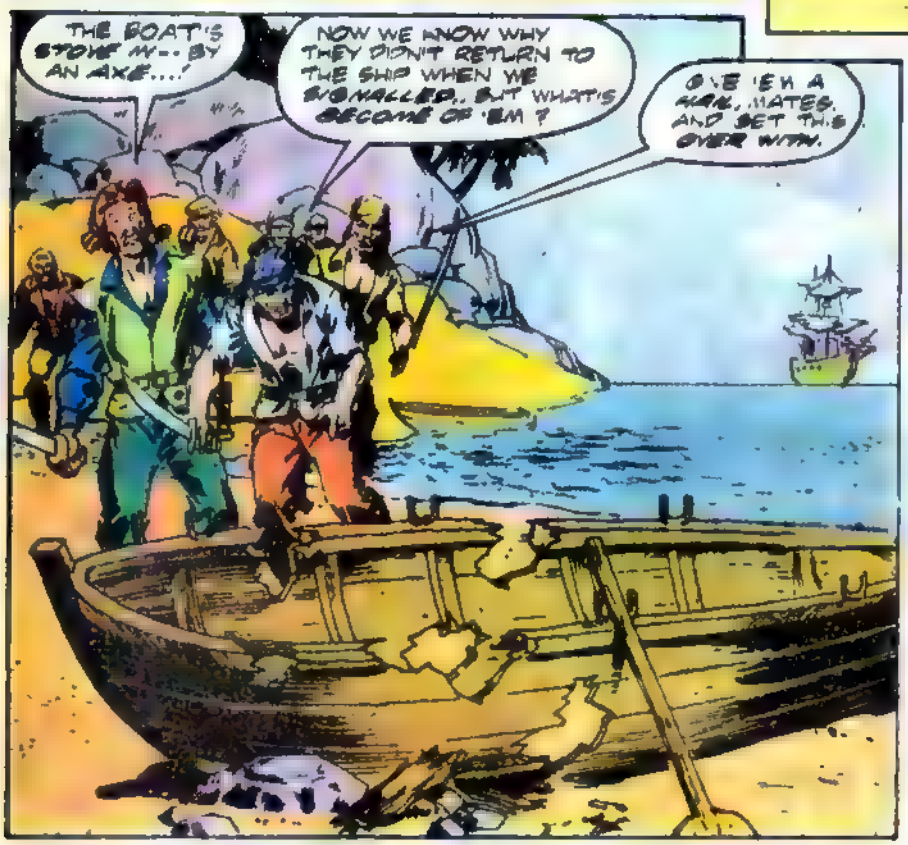
WHEN FINALLY BROUGHT TO BAY, THE LAST THREE WERE FAR FROM SHOWING FIGHT...
I SUGGEST WE BIND THESE TREACHEROUS LADS QUITE SECURELY, CAPTAIN...
...AND TAKE THEM TO A CERTAIN CAVE I KNOW.

WE THEN MADE OUR WAY BACK TO THE BEACH...
NOW CAPTAIN, THE MEN ABOARD SHIP WILL BE WONDERING WHAT HAS BECOME OF THEIR MATES...
AYE CRUSOE, THEIR GUN IS FIRING NOW--A SIGNAL TO RECALL THE BOAT.

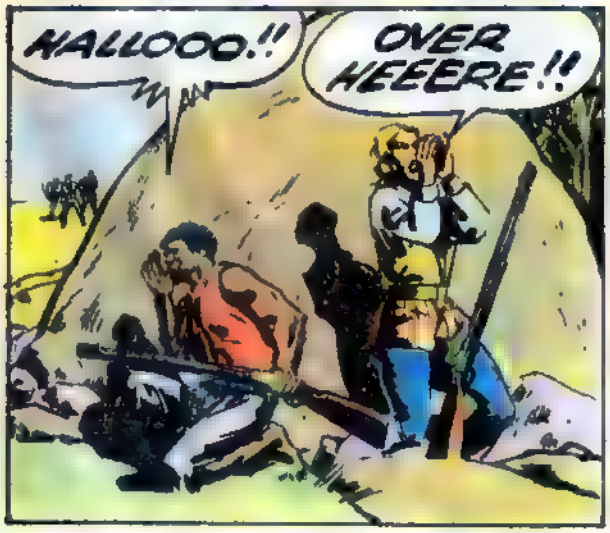
BOAT GO NOWHERE NOW! WE FIX IT--BAD!

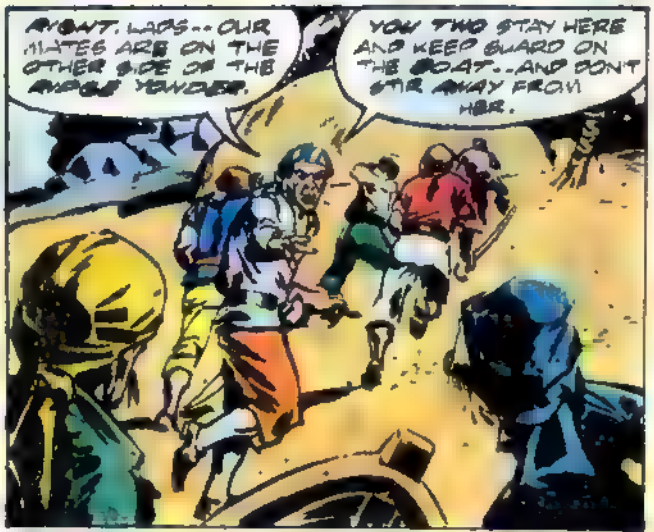

HERE COMES A BOATFUL IN SEARCH OF THEM, AS WE EXPECTED, AND I HAVE A PLAN TO DEAL WITH THEM...
WHEN I EXPLAINED MY SCHEME, THE CAPTAIN WAS QUICK TO AGREE...

AS THE NEW GROUP OF MUTINEERS REACHED FRIDAY AND THE MATE SPED OFF THROUGH THE UNDERGROWTH TO TAKE UP POSITION ON THE FAR SIDE OF A NEIGHBORING KNOLL -- IN ACCORDANCE WITH PLAN.
SOON WE WILL KNOW WHETHER OUR TRICK IS TO SUCCEED, CAPTAIN...


THE BOAT'S STOVE IN -- BY AN AXE...!
NOW WE KNOW WHY THEY DIDN'T RETURN TO THE SHIP WHEN WE SIGNALLED. BUT WHAT'S BECOME OF 'EM?
O'ER 'EH A MARK, MATES, AND SET THIS OVER WITH.

HALLOOO.. WHERE ARE YE?


HALLOOO!!
OVER HEEERE!!


AYONT, LADS -- OUR MATES ARE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE KNOLL YONDER.
YOU TWO STAY HERE AND KEEP GUARD ON THE BOAT -- AND DON'T STIR AWAY FROM HER.

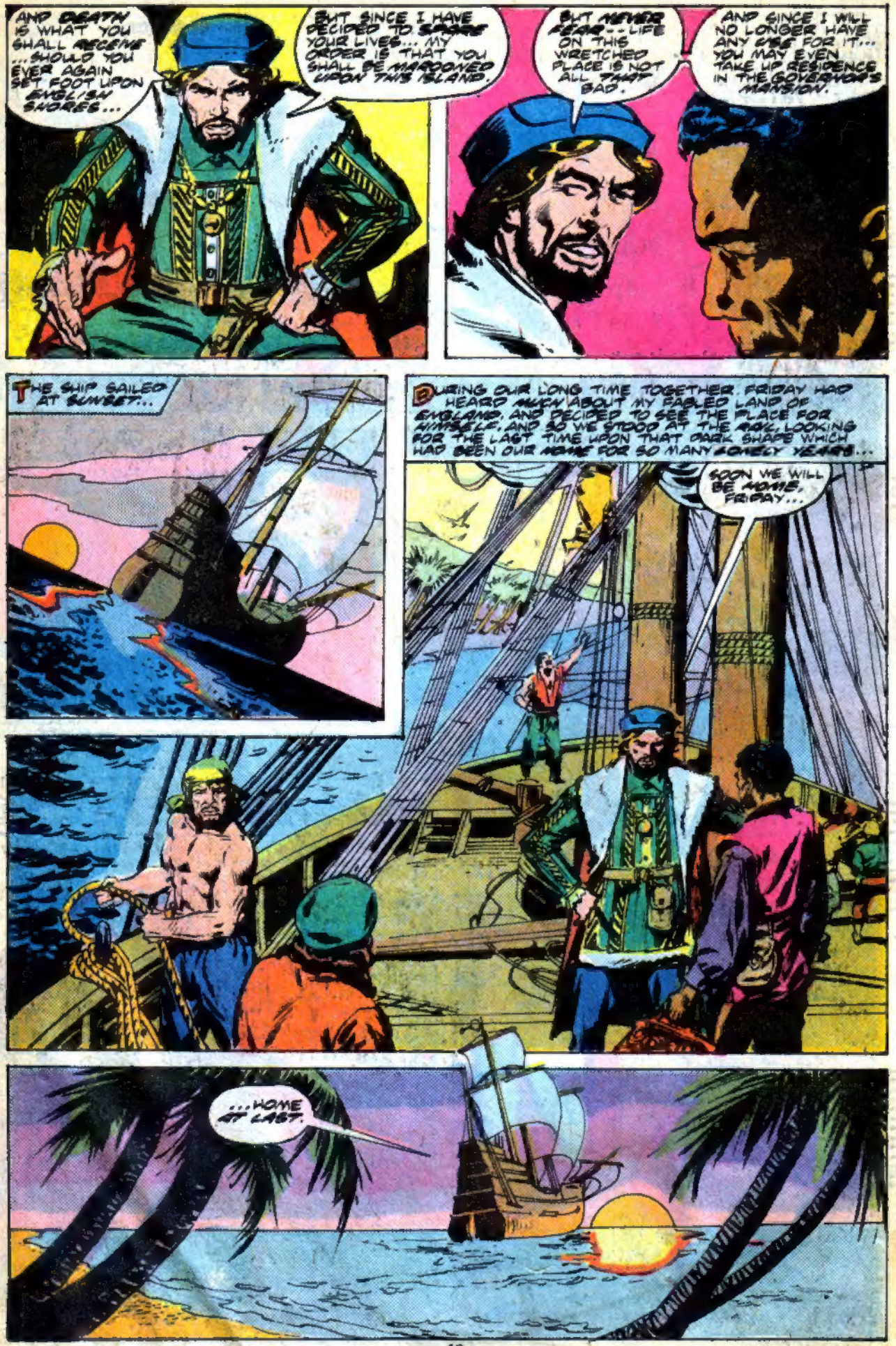
CRUSOE'S PLAN WORKING -- JUST LIKE HE SAY.
THEY COME -- NOW WE GO.
THEY'RE DISAPPEAR'N OVER THE RIDGE, CAPTAIN...
NOW.
OTHER SIDE OF THE RIDGE. EH--? WELL, NOW WHERE HAVE THEY GONE?
HALLOO-- WHERE ARE YE?
I'LL BE GLAD WHEN WE'RE CLEAR OF THIS ACCURSED ISLAND, JACK.
AYE -- WISH THEY'D HURRY.
HALLOOO!!
OVER HEEEERE!!
UHNN--!
HERE, WHAT THE--?
JUST HOLD 'ER STEADY, LAD.
WOKT!
SEVERAL MINUTES LATER...
WHAT YOU CALL "WILD GOOSE CHASE," CRUSOE -- FRIDAY CALL IT'N'
WE LEAD THEM LONG WAY OFF INTO WOODS -- THEY MUCH TIRED AND PLENTY ANGRY!

A CONSIDERABLE TIME PASSED BEFORE THE MUTINEERS CAME BLUNDERING BACK TO THEIR NOW DESERTED BOAT...
JACK! REUBEN! NOW WHERE HAVE THEY GONE--?
I WARNED YOU WE'D RUN INTO TROUBLE HERE...
AYE-- THE ISLAND'S HAUNTED IF YE ASK ME!
FORWARD LADS-- I'LL REMAIN BEHIND TO PLAY THE LAST STAGE OF OUR TRICK...
BEFORE THE PUZZLED MUTINEERS KNEW WHAT WAS AFOOT, THE CAPTAIN, HIS MATES, AND FRIDAY WERE UPON THEM-- FIRING AT POINT-BLANK RANGE.
BLAM
BLAM
BUT THE DISARMED MUTINEERS, RECOVERING FROM THEIR SURPRISE, STOOD THEIR GROUND...
WELL, DOG OF A CAPTAIN, YOUR GUNS ARE NOW SPENT-- AND YOUR NUMBERS ARE FEWER THAN OURS!
WE CAME TO THIS BLOODY ISLE TO MARROON YE-- AND WE'LL DO IT YET... DEAD OR ALIVE!
IT WAS TIME FOR MY ANNUAL GAMBIT...
SURRENDER DOGS! I AM THE GOVERNOR OF THIS ISLAND AND I HAVE FIFTY MEN HIDDEN AMONG THE ROCKS!
DROP YOUR ARMS-- OR YOU ARE DEAD MEN!!
THE BLUFF SUCCEEDED. TO THE VERY LAST MAN, THEY SURRENDERED TO THE UNSEEN "GOVERNOR"...
ALL RIGHT, LADS-- BIND THEM UP.

THEN, AS FRIDAY REPAIRED THE STOWED BOAT...
SEE HERE, MEN--YOU STAND TO BE HANGED FOR MUTINY..
...BUT THE GOOD GOVERNOR OF THIS ISLAND HAS AGREED TO PARDON EVERY MAN WHO HELPS ME RECAPTURE THE SHIP.
AND FROM THEIR WILLING PRISONERS THE CAPTAIN SINGLED OUT THOSE WHO WERE THE LEAST TREACHEROUS...
...ENOUGH TO FILL THE TWO BOATS, WHICH WERE LAUNCHED UNDER THE COVER OF NIGHT.
GOOD LUCK TO YOU, CAPTAIN!
AYE, GOVERNOR CRUSOE--AND IF THIS WORKS, YOU WILL STILL HAVE MY UNDYING THANKS.
WOULD THAT WE WERE WITH THEM, FRIDAY--BUT OUR PLANS DEMAND THAT WE REMAIN HERE.
PRAY GOD THEY SUCCEED..!
NOW REMEMBER OUR AGREEMENT HAWKINS... AND REMEMBER THAT GOVERNOR CRUSOE HAS REMAINED ASHORE TO SEE THAT NONE OF YOUR MATES LIVE ANY LONGER THAN I DO.
GIVE THEM A MILE.
AHOY, THERE! SHIP'S BOAT RETURNING!
AND ABOUT TIME, HAWKINS! WE'D BEGUN TO THINK YOU'D SETTLED ON THAT ACCURSED ISLAND!
THE CAPTAIN'S BOAT SLID INTO THE SHADOW OF THE SHIP'S HULL, AND A ROPE LADDER WAS DROPPED FROM THE DECK ABOVE.
THE TWO MUTINEERS AT THE RAIL HAD NO REASON TO SUSPECT TREACHERY, FOR THEY HAD RECOGNIZED THE VOICE OF THEIR COMRADE HAWKINS...

SOON THEY RECOGNIZED THE CAPTAIN HIMSELF...
...BUT THEY HAD NO CHANCE TO CRY OUT.
MEANWHILE, THE OTHER BOAT HAD DRAWN IN UNDER THE SHIP'S BOWS, AND HER CREW SILENTLY CLAMBERED UP THE GREAT ANCHOR CABLES...
...MAKING THEIR WAY TO THE RAMPART OF THE SHIP.
AND NOW THE BITTER STRUGGLE BEGAN, RAGING TO AND FRO ACROSS THE DECK, WITH THE MUTINEERS BOTTLED IN THE CENTER OF THE SHIP BY THE CAPTAIN'S TWO FACTIONS...
THE TERRIBLE DIN OF THE FIGHTING CARRIED CLEARLY TO THE BEACH, WHERE FRIDAY AND I AWAITED IN SUSPENSE.
I WOULD HAVE GIVEN MY RIGHT HAND TO KNOW WHICH WAY THE STRUGGLE WAS [illegible]--OR TO BE IN THE THICK OF IT.
BUT AS I LEARNED LATER, ALTHOUGH THE MUTINEERS HAD PUT UP A SAVAGE FIGHT ALL BUT A HANDFUL WERE SOON OVERPOWERED...

AND IN THE FIRST LIGHT OF DAWN THE CAPTAIN REGAINED COMMAND OF HIS SHIP...
YIELD NOW -- OR NOT A MAN AMONG YOU WILL LIVE TO SEE THE SUN COME UP!
SOON AFTER, THE DEEP BOOM OF THE SIGNAL GUN SOUNDED ACROSS THE WATER -- THE MOST WELCOME NOISE I HAD EVER HEARD...
BY THE POWERS OF HEAVEN, FRIDAY -- THEY'VE DONE IT!!
OUR DAYS OF EXILE ARE OVER!!
WELL DONE, CAPTAIN! YOU HAVE WON A GREAT FIGHT -- AND I THANK YOU FROM THE DEPTHS OF MY HEART!
NAY, SIR -- IT IS I WHO SHOULD THANK YOU! BUT FOR YOUR EFFORTS, I WOULD NEVER HAVE WON BACK MY SHIP!
YONDER SHE LIES -- AT YOUR COMPLETE BEHOOSAL -- TO CARRY YOU WHEREEVER IN THIS WORLD YOU MAY WISH!
I... I...
I WAS SO FILLED WITH EMOTION THAT I COULD NOT SPEAK...
I COULD ONLY GAZE OUT AT THAT BEAUTIFUL SHIP, AND JUST AS WELL...
...FOR NO WORDS COULD HAVE EXPRESSED MY FEELINGS AT THAT MOMENT SO VERY LONG IN COMING...
THE WORST OF THE MUTINEERS, WHO HAD BEEN LEFT IN MY CARE, WERE NOW BROUGHT BEFORE ME...
AND NOW, YOUR EXCELLENCY, AS GOVERNOR OF THIS ISLAND, IF YOU WILL PASS SENTENCE ON THESE CRIMINALS...?
WELL NOW, MUTINY IS PUNISHABLE BY DEATH, IS IT NOT...?
AND NOW, A PRESENT FOR YOU, YOUR EXCELLENCY -- THE VERY HEIGHT OF CURRENT ENGLISH FASHION.
I COULD ONLY GAZE UPON THE FINE SILK GARMENTS IN ABSOLUTE WONDER.


AND DEATH IS WHAT YOU SHALL BECOME ...SHOULD YOU EVER AGAIN SET FOOT UPON ENGLISH SHORES...
BUT SINCE I HAVE DECIDED TO SPARE YOUR LIVES... MY ORDER IS THAT YOU SHALL BE MAROONED UPON THIS ISLAND.
BUT NEVER FEAR--LIFE ON THIS WRETCHED PLACE IS NOT ALL THAT BAD.
AND SINCE I WILL NO LONGER HAVE ANY USE FOR IT... YOU MAY EVEN TAKE UP RESIDENCE IN THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION.
THE SHIP SAILED AT SUNSET...
DURING OUR LONG TIME TOGETHER, FRIDAY HAD HEARD MUCH ABOUT MY FABLED LAND OF ENGLAND, AND DECIDED TO SEE THE PLACE FOR HIMSELF. AND SO WE STOOD AT THE RAIL, LOOKING FOR THE LAST TIME UPON THAT DARK SHAPE WHICH HAD BEEN OUR HOME FOR SO MANY LONELY YEARS...
SOON WE WILL BE HOME, FRIDAY...
...HOME AT LAST.

DANIEL DEFOE

ON SALE NOW!

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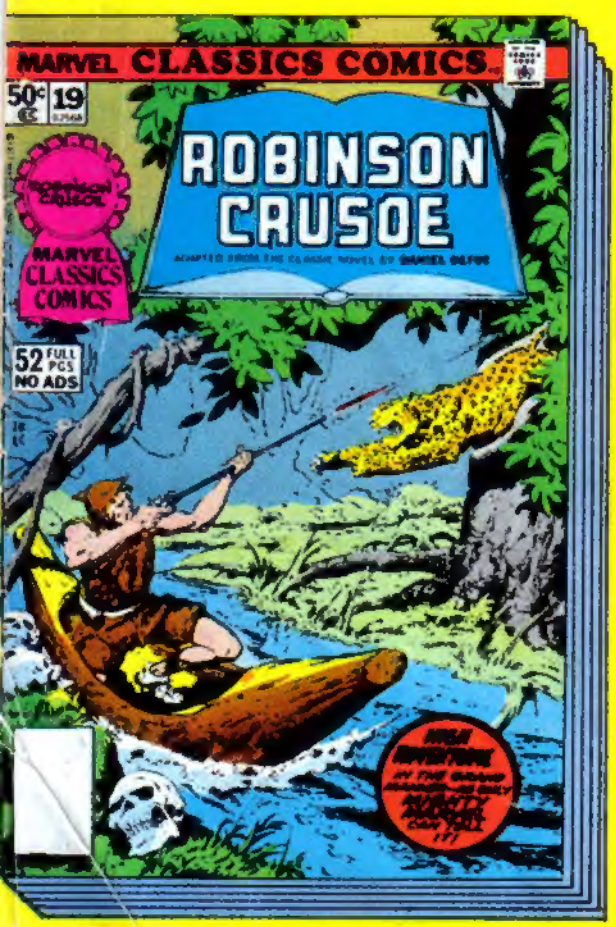

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